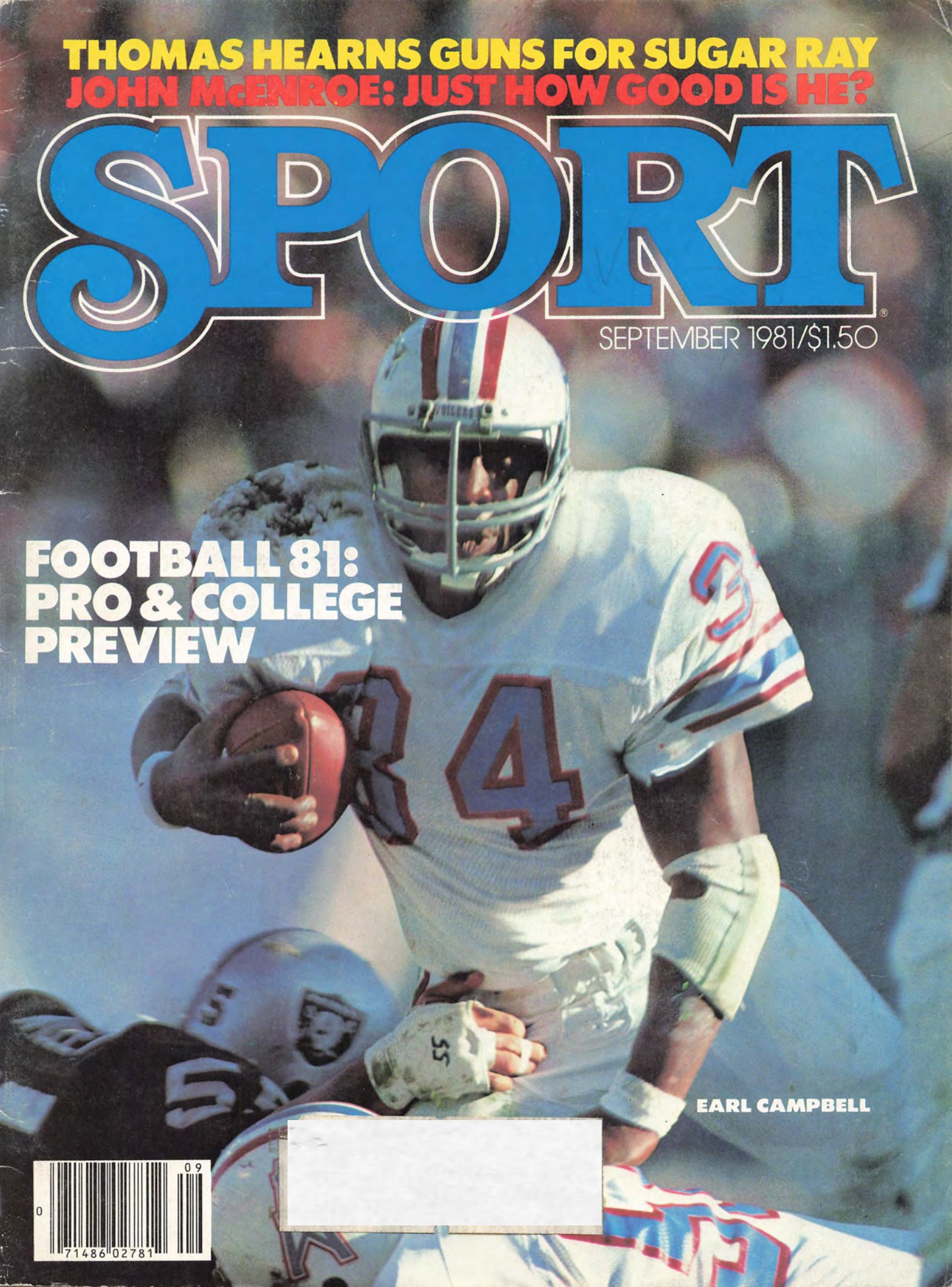
THOMAS HEARNS GUNS FOR SUGAR RAY

JOHN McENROE: JUST HOW GOOD IS HE?

SPORT

SEPTEMBER 1981/$1.50

FOOTBALL 81: PRO & COLLEGE PREVIEW



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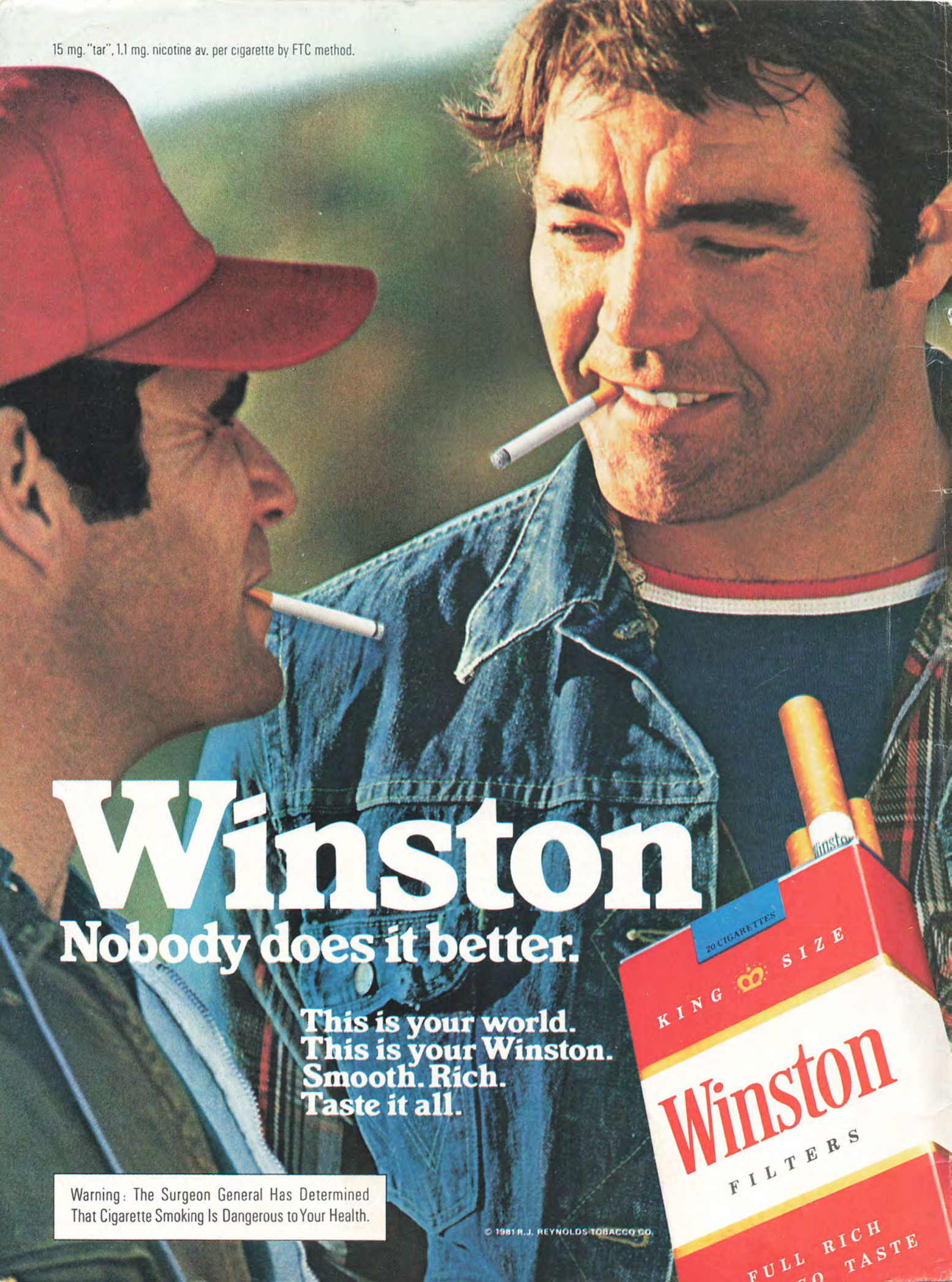

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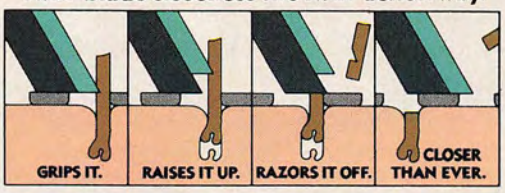

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SPORT

SEPTEMBER 1981

24 **1981 Pro and College Football Preview** NFL: Although there will be a new respect for ball control in Year II of the era of the passing offense, the real threat will still come from above. College: Too bad no one has developed a bold but realistic playoff system for the top 16 teams in the country. Guess what?

16 **Interview: Bum Phillips** by Tom Stephenson. Oail Andrew Phillips has taken his hat, his humor, his system and his South Texas drawl to N'awlins. He's also taken his 40 pairs of boots, because suddenly he's got more doors to kick in than a country boy can count.

John McEnroe by Barry Lorge. When he wasn't called obnoxious, he was called the second-best player in the world. Then came Wimbledon. Now he is called the co-best player in the world, and he is looking to the U.S. Open to establish him as simply the best. **50**

On the Rise by Craig Thomas Wolff. The U.S. Open is where young players often make their first mark in big-time tennis. And this is a sport with a lot of very young players. Here is a rundown of the best. **57**

COVER PHOTOGRAPH:
Fred Kaplan

PICTURE CREDITS ON PAGE 77

CONTINUED

61 The House That Built Thomas Hearns by Bill Duncan. The most productive and efficient factory in Detroit nowadays is the Kronk Gym. It builds boxers, sleek, fast and durable. Like the Hilmer Kenty, the Milton McCrory, the Davey Armstrong. And the top-of-the-line Thomas Hearns.

66 Out of Right Field by Peter Gammons. Dwight Evans of the Red Sox was the most valuable player in the American League, before the strike. Leading the league in hitting, and among the leaders in virtually every other offensive category, Evans was having the season of a lifetime. It was fun while it lasted.

73 The Best Soccer Player Off the Field by Paul Gardner. He's the best in America, but Steve Zungul is not allowed to play outdoors. Trapped in the tangle of international soccer rules, he is limited to playing in the indoor league–where he is master of all he surveys.

79 Bettors Beware by Bernie Kirsch. They used to be called touts, but today they are called sports analysts. Their enormous business is built mostly on college and pro football betting. Their reputations are built mostly on thin air.

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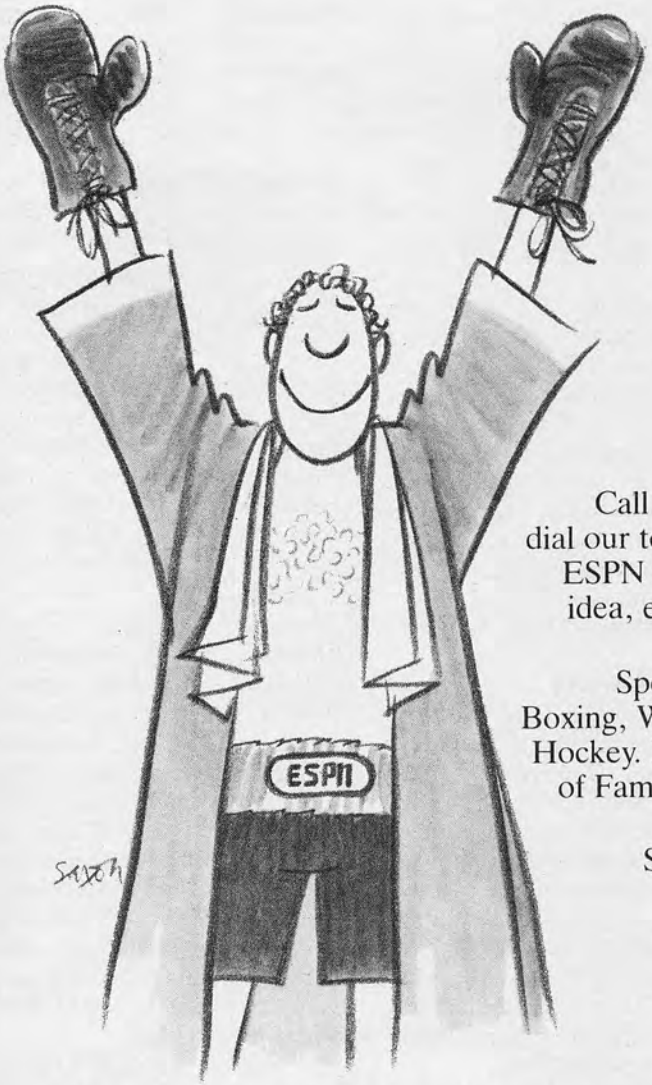

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LETTERS

Parker Pique

How can Dave Parker say he is the best player in baseball (Interview, June) when he reports to spring training late and overweight, continuously makes inexcusable errors on the field and leaves men on base a great majority of the time? The Pirates have players such as Mike Easler, Lee Lacy and Phil Garner that give 110 percent all the time and deserve more recognition than Dave Parker. If Parker is the best player in baseball, I am Chuck Tanner, and Mr. Parker's position on the Pittsburgh Pirates is now vacant.

Dave Mihalic
Beaver, Pa.

Dave Parker telling us he is the best player in baseball reminds me of a woman saying that's she's a lady. If she has to tell me that she is a lady, then she must not be.

Edwin E. Hill
Dayton, Ohio

Dave Parker is one of those players who give 100 percent on the field every day. I truly hope that he spends the rest of his career in the city of champions.

David Gardner
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Benched Sixers

I have only one question to ask about Mark Wicker's story on the Philadelphia 76ers' bench ("It's Time to Fly to the Rescue," June). What seemed to be the problem with this bench in the final three games of the Eastern Conference championship series against the Boston Celtics?

Peter Wreschinsky
San Diego, Calif.

Saying the Philadelphia 76ers have the best bench in the league is wild. After Jones, Hollins and Toney you have untested youth and overtested veterans. Steve Mix remembers the bomb squad; he still thinks he's a part of it. The man will set a record before he leaves the league–for cheap shots.

David Chalifaer
Beverly, Mass.

The problem in your 76er article was that you put down the "Furniture City" by saying that Steve Mix played for the Grand Rapids Truckers and not the Grand Rapids Tackers as it should have been.

Tim Palczewski
Grand Rapids, Mich.

That's correct. It was the Tackers, a now-defunct team that was owned by carpet magnate Bob Sullivan—Ed.

Two Sides of Steinbrenner

As all of New York's other sports teams continue to flounder, thank heaven we can at least take solace in our Yankees. Mr. Steinbrenner ("He's a Yankee Doodle Dandy," June) may not be the most ethical or compassionate owner in sports, as your article suggests, but I sure would love to see about four others just like him in New York. Baseball needs the Yankees and New York needs Steinbrenner.

Anne Claire Shenker
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

George Steinbrenner takes away the spirit and fun of baseball. He is strictly a businessman with a lot of money to work with. How many people realize that not one player from the Yankee farm system is a member of the starting eight? Instead, the team fields overpaid free agents. Besides that, Steinbrenner can't make up his mind on a manager, and doesn't get along with his players.

Jim Payne
Shelter Island, N.Y.

Let the Fans Decide

I found the statistic on cost-effectiveness very interesting ("Pay by the Yard," Sport Talk, June). However, I feel the analogy to a "profit-loss" or "break-even" point to be somewhat misleading. Players in football are having a difficult time as it is in gaining proper salaries. As a representative of professional football players, I feel the story would have been just as informative in rating what each player made per yard. The fans can decide which team got the bargain (which is actually all of them).

Lewis C. Muller
San Diego, Calif.

Humble Knuckler

Thank you for recognizing the marvelous talent of Phil Niekro ("Flight of the Knuckleball," July). This man has mastered the erratic knuckler for 22 years, and yet has remained honest with the fact that the pitch escapes his understanding. Mr. Niekro has been a star on a team that rarely supports his ability. Truly this article reveals a humble hero.

Jerry Mercer, Jr.
Huntsville, Ala.

To a 12-year-old pitcher with a 12.54 ERA, your story on the knuckleball was a gift-wrapped present. After a day of experimenting, I finally got into a game. Relying heavily on the knuckleball, I struck out 14 batters while pitching a three-hitter. You've got a lifetime subscription from me, if you keep churning out stories like that.

Eugene Sakai
Morgan Hill, Calif.

It's in the Cards

I thank Roger Kahn for his fine story on the St. Louis Cardinals ("Whitey's Redbirds," July) and their skipper, Whitey Herzog. It's about time that someone put Herzog in the same class as Billy Martin and Earl Weaver as the best managers in baseball. While I am writing this letter, the players are on strike and the Cards are only 1½ games behind the Phillies. Don't be surprised to see the Cards in the World Series.

Matt Crawford
St. Albans, Vt.

I just received my copy of the July issue of Sport. I was very surprised and dismayed to find a glaring mistake in Roger Kahn's story on the Cardinals. Mr. Kahn made a bigger error than Garry Templeton ever made, and they've been numerous. Manny Trillo is not the Phillies shortstop, as any even mediocre baseball fan knows. Manny cannot play short, his real position is second base. In his entire career with the Phils he has never played second base. Please make sure Mr. Kahn reads this letter–and the National League Green Book to find out where players play.

Craig R. Levit
Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Alas, Roger Kahn didn't write the photo captions that accompanied his Cardinal story; the editors did. We apologize to Roger, Manny, Larry Bowa and all even mediocre baseball fans—Ed.

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SPORT TALK

YOU CAN'T RATE THE QUARTERBACKS WITHOUT A SLIDE RULE

In football, more than in any of the other professional sports, statistics don't translate directly into wins and losses. And the one statistical chart that gives pro football coaches more headaches than any other is the NFL's system for rating quarterbacks. "It's so complex," says former head coach George Allen, "that most coaches don't pay any attention to it."

The league stresses that these stats aren't intended to measure such factors as leadership, play-calling ability or running skills. It's simply a measurement of passing—which is not to say it's simple. The NFL, in fact, issues a 36-page pamphlet to explain the system. Quarterbacks are graded in four categories: percentage of touchdown passes per attempt, percentage of completions per attempt, percentage of interceptions per attempt and average yards gained per attempt. Each of these percentages is converted into a point rating, according to a "performance standard based on statistical achievements of all qualified passers since 1960."

For a quarterback—or passer—to achieve a maximum rating in each category, he would have to complete 77.5 percent of his passes (the NFL record is 70.3 percent), average 12.5 yards per completion (the record is 11.17), achieve a touchdown percentage of 11.9 (the record is 10.2) and throw no interceptions for the entire season (it has never happened). Finally, the point ratings in the four categories are added together and converted to a scale of 100 for the final rating.

This statistical system, created by the NFL in 1973, has in rare instances allowed a passer to finish with a mark of over 100. In 1976, Ken Stabler hit a final score of 103.7. The highest mark ever was achieved by Milt Plum of the Cleveland Browns in 1960, when he registered a 110.4. Of course, it was Norm Van Brocklin who took the Philadelphia Eagles to the championship that season.

—Michael Rosen

Cleveland's Milt Plum is the all-time greatest—according to the NFL's quarterback rating system.

ELWAY GETS A PUSH IN THE HEISMAN RACE

George Steinbrenner and the New York Yankees are after John Elway, and that could be just the sparkle the junior quarterback from Stanford will need to out-shine Georgia's sophomore running back Herschel Walker and win the 1981 Heisman Trophy. Either way, it looks as though a non-senior will win the award for only the seventh time in 47 years.

The Yankees drafted Elway in the June free agent pool. Steinbrenner, by waving pinstriped cash in front of Elway, will bring considerable media attention to the golden-armed whiz. Media attention is what wins Heismans.

Of course, it doesn't hurt that Elway can throw the football as far as Terry Bradshaw. Nor that he has a 65 percent completion average, stands 6-feet-4, 202, and can also run.

If Elway, who hit .361 this year as an outfielder, signs a Yankee contract, he will still retain his eligibility to play football next fall. And that, folks, could be the basis of the media hype for the 1982 Heisman.

–Stephen Steiner

THE SPORTS GURU BUSINESS

Tal Smith isn't just bragging when he talks about how as general manager he took a Houston Astros team that finished 47½ games out of first place in 1975 and turned them into a division champion five years later. What Tal is doing is selling—himself, that is. Smith has founded Tal Smith Enterprises in Houston, a company in the business of selling the sports knowhow of its namesake.

Smith says getting fired by Astros' owner John McMullen, left a bad taste in his mouth for front office work. But with 23 years of baseball experience, he wanted to stay close to the game. "The idea of being a sports management consultant made sense. The nature of front office work today leaves the general manager with a dilemma. He has to spend so much time on contract negotiations that other aspects of the job go unsatisfied."

Tal Smith, freelance General Manager.

In action, Smith recently won two salary arbitration cases for the Oakland A's and is currently working with the San Diego Padres' new management team.

Tal Smith Enterprises intends to expand its scope beyond baseball. "The problems are similar in all sports," says Smith. He admits that the relatively small number of professional sports teams gives him a limited universe of possible clients, but he says that doesn't bother him. "For every first-place team, there's a last-place team; whenever somebody wins, somebody loses."

And the consulting business has its advantages, Smith notes. "The job is more interesting and challenging because I avoid the day-to-day routine of front office work. And," he adds with a grin, "I have a good boss."

–Neil Cohen

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Betsy González, fashion designer, with her brother and partner, Ausbert González.

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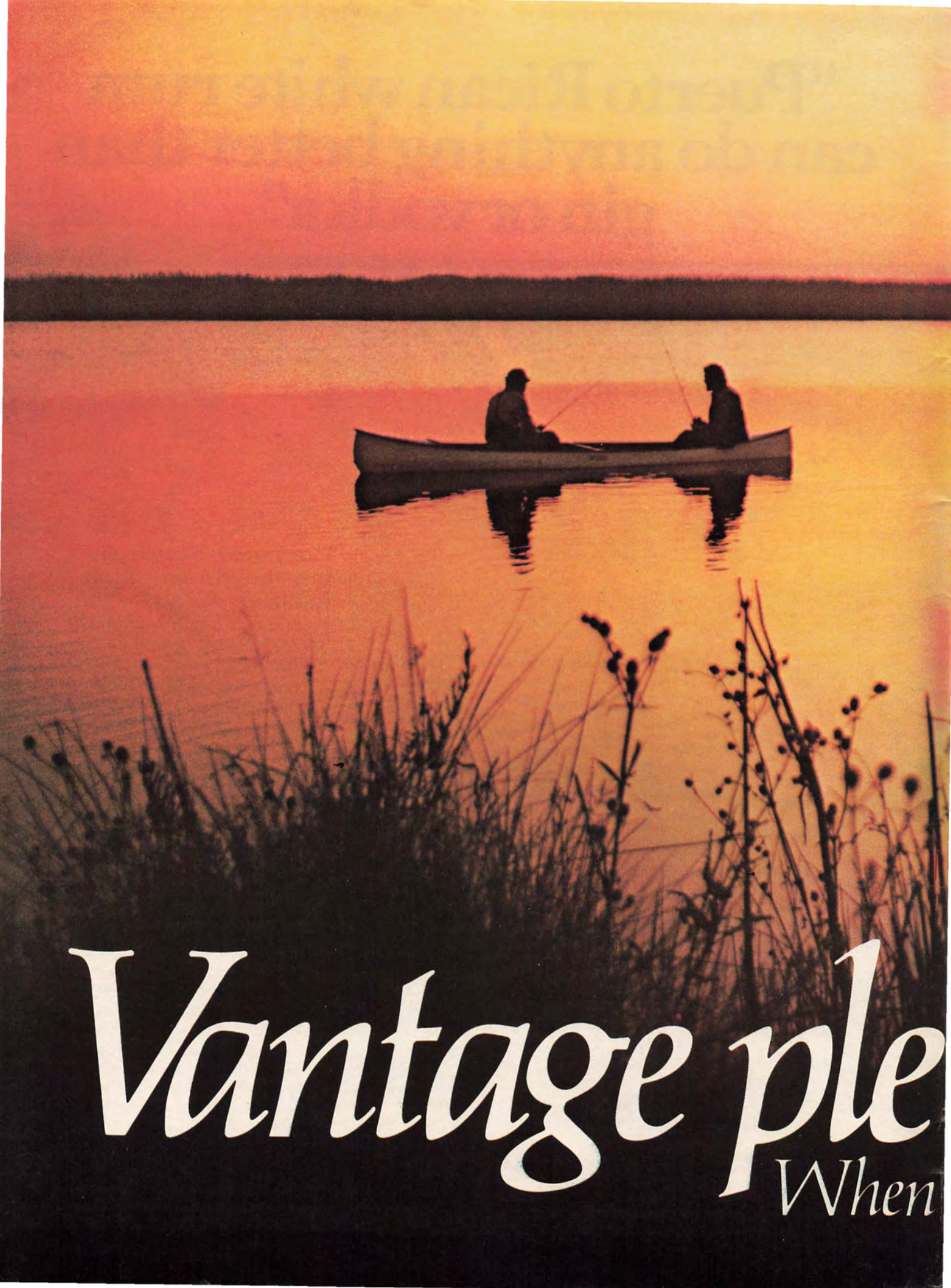
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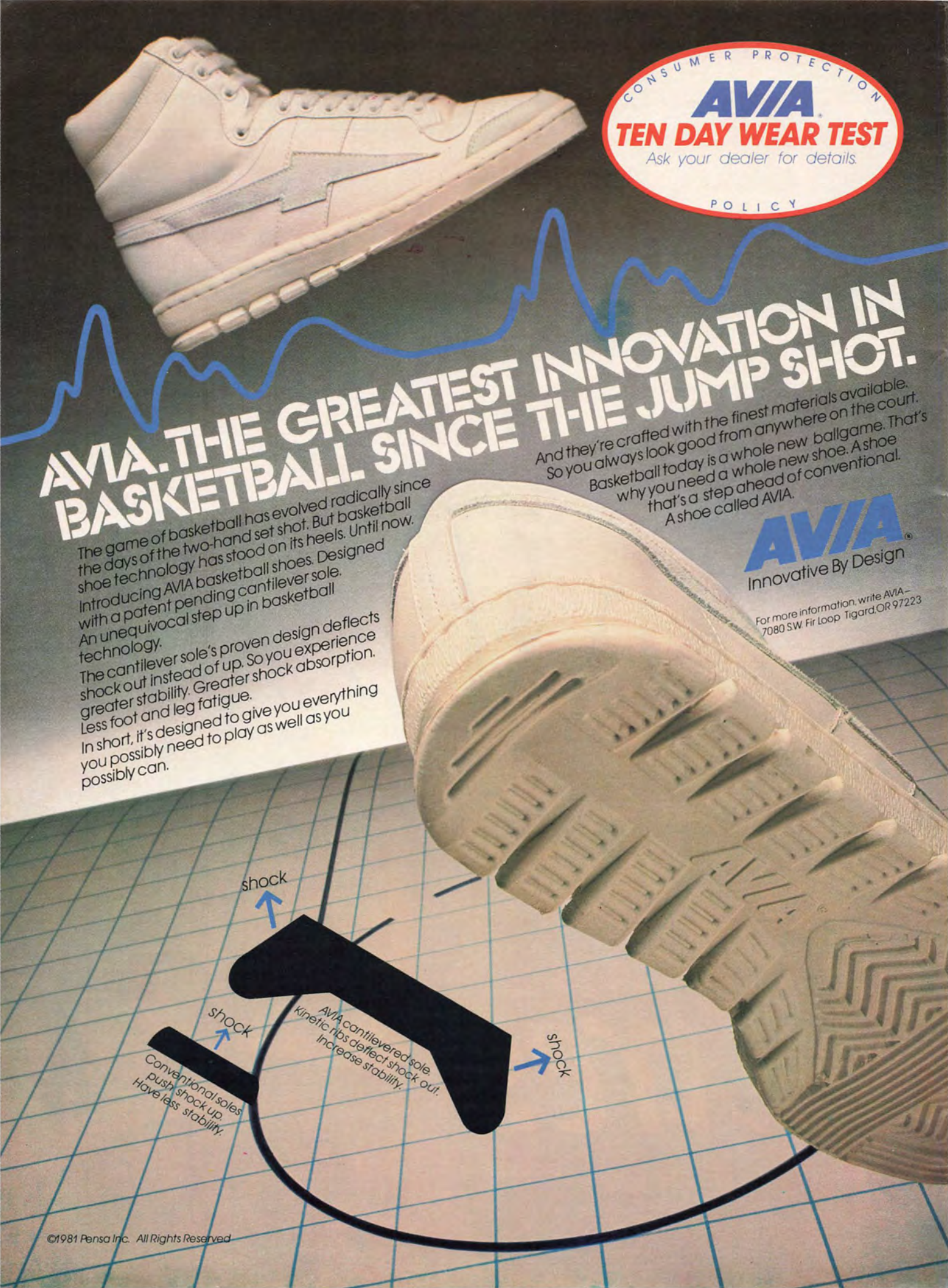
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SPORT TALK

SOME ARE 10s, SOME ARE 29s

Dallas Cowboy tight end Billy Joe DuPree has worn No. 89 through eight distinguished seasons. But 89 isn't really BJ's number. In his rookie season, DuPree caught 29 passes. He

Billy Joe DuPree, number 89 going on 29.

caught 29 passes again in 1974. In '79, when he turned 29, DuPree again snared 29 passes, five of which went for touchdowns. That brought his total number of pro touchdowns to 29. In '80, he caught, yes, 29 more passes.

DuPree, whose weight is listed at 229 pounds, enters the 1981 season with 229 catches for his pro career. After rounding off the fractions, his career average stands at 29 catches per season. Billy Joe is convinced: "I think I'll requisition jersey No. 29 this year."

FREDDIE BROWN HAS A PHARMACY ON THE CORNER

One of the most important participants in any championship fight–such as Hearns vs. Leonard this month–stands outside the ring. A good cut man can save more fighters than the bell. "I saved Rocky Marciano twice," says Freddie Brown, who is to cut men what Christian Barnard is to heart surgeons. Now 74, Brown has been in boxing for 55 years as a trainer and cut man to Roberto Duran, Larry Holmes and a horde of fighters whose names he can scarcely remember. But he remembers the Rock.

"I saved him once against Jersey Joe Walcott when Marciano won the title. The other time it was against Ezzard Charles when Rocky had a split nose."

More recently, Brown has been called on to minister to Vito Antuofermo, a fighter for whom the term "bleeder" is an understatement. Even Brown's myriad skills and potions were not enough to stanch Antuofermo's flow in his middleweight title fight against Marvin Hagler. "I saved Antuofermo when he fought Hagler to a draw the first time, but this time the referee and the Massachusetts Boxing Commission didn't let me do this or that," Brown says. "And Hagler's side complained. They didn't want me to stop the cuts."

Naturally, he came prepared for the Antuofermo fight. "Yeah, I used a lot of things," Brown admits. Exactly what he used is shrouded in the mystery of the art. "I'm not supposed to give that out. Not all drugstores have what I used. Just a few drugstores have it."

Brown has about 40 seconds to do his work; not much time, but the job was even tougher in the old days. "Years ago fighters got cut a lot so you had to be faster in the ring. They had more fights then, so their old cuts had less time to heal."

In semiretirement now, Brown says that it takes about a year of steady work in the ring to train a new cut man. "There's a little tension and nervousness to the job until you get used to it," he says. "But once you get accustomed, it's nothing much."

But, then, it's not his blood.

—Stephen Steiner

Freddie Brown, cut man extraordinaire. At Hagler versus Antuofermo II, "they didn't want me to stop the cuts," he says.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What's the best name on the Pro Bowlers Tour? How about Dave Frame? Or Bob Bohler? Or Dave Lane?

The captain of the swimming team at the University of Illinois is Steve Stroker.

If names mean anything, University of Maryland football may not be all that exciting this year. The Terrapins' athletic department is headed by Dick Dull. And the Maryland offensive line includes a tackle named Les Boring. If your last name was Boring, would you name your child Les?

LOOK OUT FOR LOW FLYING COWBOYS

Rodeo circuit regulars who made it to Pope Air Force Base, N.C. for the Air Force's annual Volant Rodeo may have been a bit confused. Not one of the 860 contestants from the United Kingdom, Italy, Canada, Australia and the U.S. did a lick of cow punching or bull dogging all week. This was a rodeo Air Force style–a readiness training exercise in delivering men and goods where 3-point landings aren't always possible.

The 314th Tactical Airlift Wing from Little Rock, Ark., took an early lead in the rodeo, without benefit of bucking bronc or Brahma bull, by dropping sand-filled jeep trailers and paratroopers (both with parachutes) from their C-130 airplane with the greatest accuracy.

Pope AFB's home team 317th Tactical Airlift Wing countered with a strong bid to repeat their 1980 Best in the Rodeo win, setting new records in the obstacle course and the 6-mile run with 44 lb. pack.

Then the 437th out of Charleston, S.C. rode their workhorse C-141 jet to lock up valuable points in both the air-

drop and timed loading/unloading competitions, further scattering the field.

The game 317th came back to take first in the C-130 short runway landings, but the big points in the marksmanship and aircraft maintenance events eluded them.

When the dust had settled and the points were totalled, Little Rock's 314th was declared Best in the Rodeo and best, as Military Airlift Command deputy chief of staff Major General James Baginski put it, at "dropping the right load in the right place at the right time."

—*Jon Scieszka*

PLAY BASKETBALL AND SEE THE WORLD

Once an exile for aging players, the European and Mediterranean basketball leagues are gaining in credibility. Refugees like M.L. Carr and Bill Laimbeer have returned and played important roles on NBA teams. Players like Spencer Haywood, Roosevelt Bouie, Jim McMillian, Hollis Copeland and Jeff Ruland have helped raise the status of American basketball emigrants.

When Bruce Flowers of Notre Dame didn't get the contract he wanted as Cleveland's first draft choice in 1979,

Boston's M.L. Carr, from overseas to an NBA championship.

he kept his pride and amateur standing by playing in Italy. When he first went overseas "the attitude over there, and my attitude, was to play one year until we could go home. But now I see that starting to turn," Flowers says. His wife Kathy now teaches English at the elementary level while Bruce works on his game and readies himself for the one-game-a-week Italian schedule. Flowers refused an invitation to the Cavaliers' summer league team along with feelers from Houston and Denver and elected to return to play another season in Cantu.

As basketball becomes more popular and profitable overseas, foreign clubs can offer substantial salaries to imported players, usually limited to two per team. American players

STEREO

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just out of college can earn $60,000 and up in their first year. Their contracts are usually supplemented by rent-free apartments, expense accounts and the use of a car. Fans are avid if not knowledgeable, and game and travel schedules are shorter. Hollis Copeland (Rutgers, Knicks and Helios of Zaragoza, Spain) found that players who are open to the culture and language "live like kings."

Jeff Ruland says his Spanish team compares with the top collegiate teams in the States. However, he found himself frustrated by international rules permitting zone defenses, and by the officiating. "Spanish ball was much less physical, even than American college ball," the 6-foot-10, 240-pound center says. "I only played 25 minutes a game because I was always in foul trouble."

While foreign teams still cannot compete athletically or financially with the NBA, they do offer important options to American players. Many of those concerned agree that Europe is preferable to our own Eastern and Continental leagues, described by one player as "a one-way ticket to Siberia."

—John Capouya

WHY THE COOKIES WILL BE A LITTLE LATE THIS YEAR

Late in an NASL game between the Dallas Tornado and the Atlanta Chiefs, the scoreboard at Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium flashed the following message: "The Atlanta Chiefs would like to thank the makers of Cruex and Desenex for sponsoring Girl Scout Night."

THE SHIFTING SANDS OF THE NASL

Paul Cannell, a solid, steady soccer player from England, knows life in the North American Soccer League as well as anyone. In three years in Washington playing for the Diplomats he became a real fan favorite. But after the 1979 season, Cannell was traded to Memphis. Cannell played the 1980 season there with the Rogues, after which the Memphis franchise moved to Calgary.

Before the next season began, Cannell was traded to Detroit. When he arrived in Detroit, he got word that he had finally sold his house in Washington. So he bought a house in Detroit and settled in to play for the Express. One week later, Detroit announced it was moving the franchise–to Washington.

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SPORT INTERVIEW
BUM PHILLIPS

by Tom Stephenson

Bum Phillips has packed his cowboy hats and boots and taken them from Houston to New Orleans, where he will attempt to resuscitate a football team that was the worst in the NFL last year. The New Orleans Saints hired Phillips after Houston Oilers' owner K.S. (Bud) Adams told Bum that his crewcut was no longer welcome on the Oilers' sideline. The firing, which aroused a storm of protest in Houston and displeased Oiler superstar Earl Campbell, occurred after the Oilers had been eliminated from the NFL playoffs for the third consecutive year and after Phillips had refused the owner's request to jazz up Houston's conservative attack by hiring an offensive coordinator.

In New Orleans, where turmoil in the Saints' management filtered down to the playing field, Phillips takes over a bad

football team–much as he once did with the Oilers. But unlike the situation in Houston, where he was promoted to head coach after having been a little-known defensive coordinator, Phillips takes over the Saints as a full-fledged media hero. Oail Andrew Phillips is more than a coach–he is The Bum. His folksy ways, his buddy-buddy approach with his players, his boots and hats have made Phillips a curiosity in the NFL, a radical contrast to the typical hard-nosed, humorless workaholic who coaches a football team. And the fans respond to him.

Such a fan, named Johnny, owns a black and gold van (the Saints' team colors) now adorned with a portrait of Bum. Phillips came out of his office one day recently to pose with Johnny and inspect the vehicle. After surveying its *objets d'art* and even kicking the tires, Bum turned to Johnny and said, "Y'all sure did go to a lot of trouble." Johnny grinned that real pleased grin that only a fat boy from Louisiana can, and Bum said good-bye with a high-flaring whack on the backside–like Johnny was a pulling guard off some old Nederland (Texas) High School Bulldog football team that Bum once coached.

Then Phillips went back inside and started talking about the formidable job of turning around the New Orleans Saints.

SPORT: The Saints were a 1-15 team last year. You came from a good football

team in Houston. What do you have to do to make the Saints a winner?

PHILLIPS: You gotta try and figure out a way to correct the situation. You gotta analyze why there was a bad football team. The year before they were 8-8. And then they were 1-15. So there wasn't that much of a drop in talent and there certainly wasn't that much of a drop in coaching, because Dick Nolan was there. There had to be some other reason for it than people think. If you get beat every year the players are the problem. But they weren't getting beat every year.

SPORT: So what was the problem?

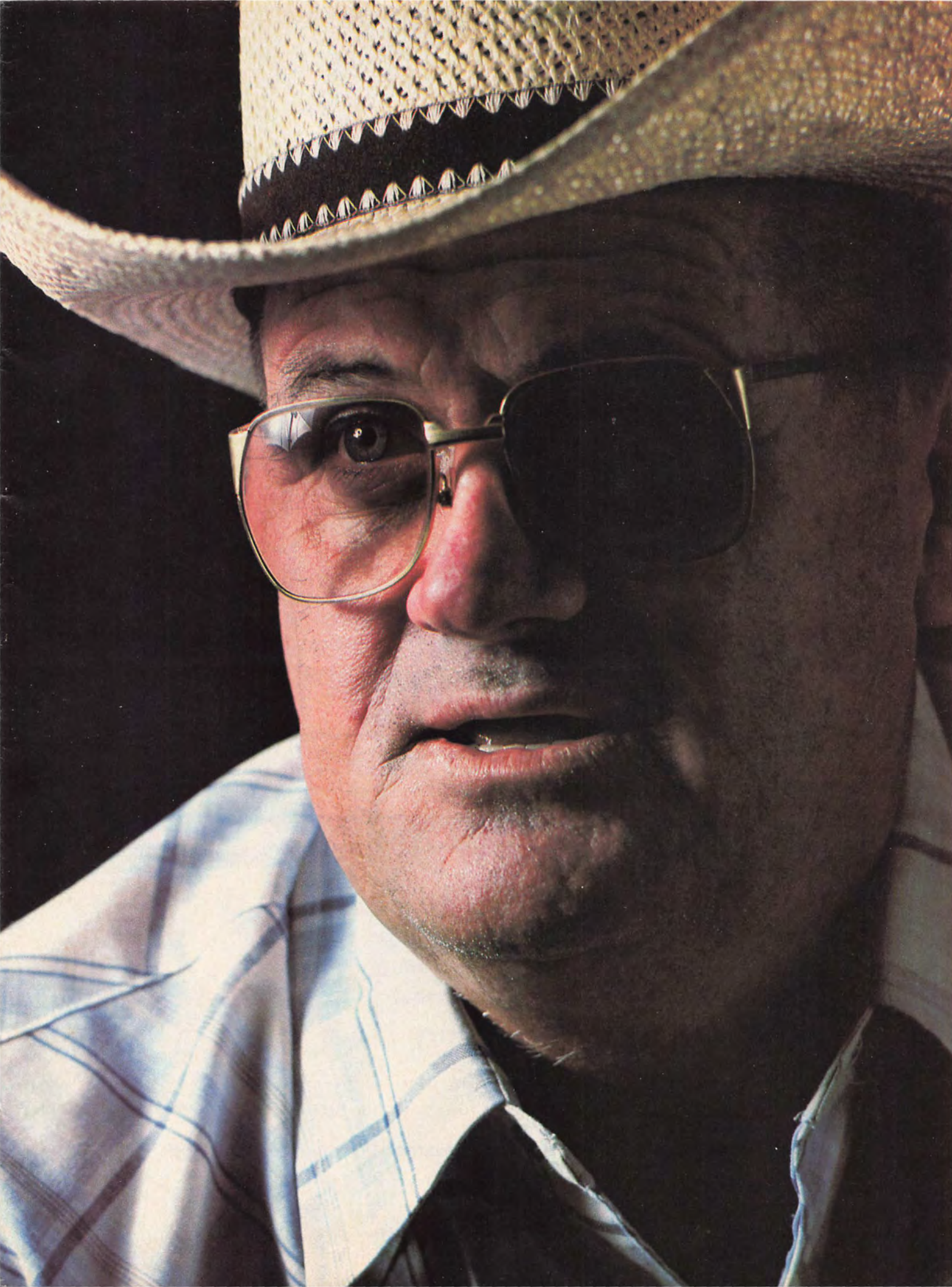
PHILLIPS: I felt like they had too many people running the ship. You've got a lot of people making decisions and that takes people who have been working together a long time. Like there's a lot of people who make decisions at Dallas–Tom Landry, Tex Schramm and Gil Brandt all got their areas of responsibility. But they've been working together since 1960 and none of them will do anything without consulting the other two. It wouldn't work any other way.

So what happened here, all of a sudden we had three or four people making decisions who didn't consult each other. And although they weren't calling the plays they were still part of the organization. Anybody that wins is going to win because he's got good football players and good coaches. But they've got to

have good coordination and good administration in with them.

SPORT: And that filters down to the players?

PHILLIPS: Sure it does. A lack of cooperation, the feeling that, "Well, I'm going to make this decision because this is my area of responsibility. I'm not going to take anybody else's opinion. I'm just going to do it for myself." Now you alienate the other guy. And then the first thing you know you've got a hell of a lot of chiefs and not enough Indians.



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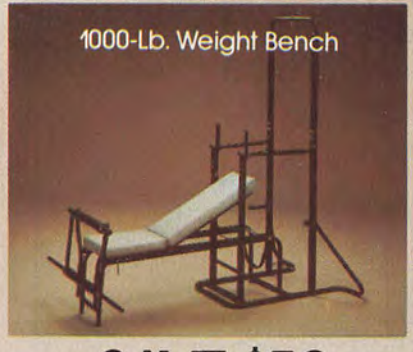

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"The good part about this situation is nobody in the organization wants my job."

SPORT: Are you the coach and general manager in New Orleans?
PHILLIPS: Not by title. I've got all the same responsibilities I had when I was in Houston. In other words, I can run the football team. And that's all I care about running anyhow.
SPORT: And you've got the accountability too.
PHILLIPS: Yeah. The good part about this situation is nobody in the organization wants my job.
SPORT: Your schedule for this season looks tough.
PHILLIPS: Did you happen to notice that eight of the first 12 games are against playoff teams and the ninth one is Pittsburgh? Christ, you're talking about a murderous schedule.
SPORT: Right. And it's so important for your club to be a winner.
PHILLIPS: No, no.
SPORT: It's not important to win?
PHILLIPS: No. It's important to play well. The winning takes care of itself if you play well. If you play well and you compete good, then you're going to improve the next week and the next week and the next week. Even if you won and didn't play well, it's just a matter of time before it's gonna catch up with you. In other words, winning a game don't mean a whole lot. Winning that season is what means a whole lot.
SPORT: How do you evaluate the Saints' Archie Manning as a quarterback?
PHILLIPS: Archie worked out every day in the off-season, not like some of the guys. I watched Archie. He came out here four days a week, five days a week. He ran four miles and did all the things that you want a quarterback to do. He's got a good arm. He's a great competitor and he's a great leader. There's no give up in him. And Archie's one of those guys you don't have to worry about–regardless of how the season is going, Archie is going to try to get better every doggone day.
SPORT: How about his head? There isn't a winning tradition here. Does he have that burning desire to win?
PHILLIPS: If he didn't he wouldn't have been out there in the off-season working. He'd be doing what a lot of people do, saying, "I'll report to camp and you can tell me how to do it then." He didn't do that. No sir. He was out there working his fanny off. When you've got everybody doing that then you've got a football team. You make enough money in football that you should treat it as a year-round sport.
SPORT: George Rogers was your first round draft pick and the first pick in the NFL draft. Can he play?
PHILLIPS: Oh, he can play. He can be what we want him to be. We're going to work him, condition him with lifting weights and running. With a back, it's not that hard to tell if he can play. A quarterback in college may not be able to play professional football. He may be a good college quarterback and not a good pro quarterback. A running back in college who's a good one is usually a good one in pro ball unless he gets a big head or unless he won't work to improve himself. I spent a lot of time with George and he's the same kind of hard-working kid as Earl Campbell. Whether he can do as good as Earl's done–he's the one that's got to prove that.
SPORT: How do you get along with Saints' owner John Mecom? What's he like?
PHILLIPS: He's a guy that's dedicated to trying to win in football. He's a real sportsman himself. He's been fortunate, he's had a good daddy. This allowed him to do some things that he wanted to do all his life, and he's done good with them.
SPORT: Does Mecom talk football with you?
PHILLIPS: Oh no. John never mentions anything about football. He's a businessman and this is a business and it's something he enjoys. I don't know of any owner who would go in to a coach and say, "Look, this guy can play better than that one," or "You ought to be passing more." Good God, they're above that.
SPORT: What did Mecom do about the constant losing in New Orleans?
PHILLIPS: Every time they watched the ballgame, they hired more people and added more equipment. They got computers. They got bigger facilities. And that's not necessarily the answer. The worse the record was, the more tendency they had to try and buy something that would cure that record. Buying something is not always the answer. Sometimes you can do better with what you got.
SPORT: Did you tell him to stop throwing money at the problem?
PHILLIPS: No, I never tell him how to spend his money. I tell him what we need if it's something like computers. I don't need computers. And as far as I'm concerned that's just wasted money. So we don't have a computer out here anymore.
SPORT: Why don't you like to use a computer?
PHILLIPS: The way I operate I couldn't utilize it. You could take a football team and run its plays and diagram them and run them into that computer. You could then punch that computer and say, "What plays do they want on first and ten?" But I'd rather look at the plays on film myself and have it in my head. A computer's not any good during a game. The computer may tell you that a team runs 67 percent of the time to its left from a formation. I might not be able to tell you it's 67 percent, but I could look at it right quick and tell you what holes they're hitting. You gotta have a feel for the game. I don't know how to utilize the computer. Others may know how, although I doubt it.
SPORT: You attained celebrity status in Houston and it has carried over to New Orleans, where they are talking about putting your picture on bumper stickers and billboards. I understand that there's even a record about you. What's it like?
PHILLIPS: I don't know. I didn't pay that much attention to it. Those things embarrass me.
SPORT: Does it bother you when people come up and want to shake your hand and get your autograph?
PHILLIPS: No. The recognition is part of the game. But when I listen to some-

"Hell, Earl Campbell didn't play for me. He played for the Houston Oilers."

body brag about somebody else, I don't need that. I feel like I know what I'm doing and I don't need all that backslapping.

SPORT: On the other hand, the coach and also the quarterback take the heat if the team is losing.

PHILLIPS: That's part of the business. We get too much credit when we're winning and too much blame when we don't. That's the responsibility that you give to your quarterback and your head coach. They're going to take it. And if you can't take it, you're in the wrong profession. You've got to learn that the same guy who's griping at you this week will be the first one to pat you on the back next week.

SPORT: What was it like when Bud Adams fired you at Houston? Did you walk out of his office and just get into your car and drive home to your wife?

PHILLIPS: It didn't work out that way. I heard it on the radio before I got home.

SPORT: Are you bitter about it?

PHILLIPS: I did not resent Bud Adams making his mind up to let me go. That's his business. If I'm going to work for him, I'm going to work for him, not against him. I proved there that if I worked for him and took his money, I was going to do it the way he wanted it done. Whatever I asked to do I had a reason for. And usually when I'd sit down and explain it to Bud he said, "OK, if that's the way you feel, go ahead."

SPORT: Did you resent it when Adams recommended that you hire an offensive coordinator?

PHILLIPS: No. It never came to that because I wasn't going to hire an offensive coordinator. He wanted one so he hired one. That was his idea. And like I said, it's his football team. And if that's what he thinks it takes to make it go, well heck, let him do it. Just get somebody else to run it. I wouldn't have hired one, though. I'd rather get fired than do something like that. I don't really believe it was necessary.

SPORT: Is that what it all came down to in Houston, an offensive coordinator?

PHILLIPS: I don't know what it came to. I refused to do that. If a guy worked for me and I told him, "Hey, I want to change that defense," and he said, "No, I don't want to," I believe I'd fire him. That's kind of the way I look at it, so he had every right to do that. He said, "Look, this is what I want to do," and I said, "No, I'm not going to do that. And if you want that then you fire me and get somebody who will do that." That's his right as an owner.

SPORT: Why didn't you get to the Super Bowl at Houston? What went wrong there?

PHILLIPS: For the third straight year the team that beat us in the playoffs also won the Super Bowl. So that's not real bad. I mean, you don't want it that way, but it's better to get eliminated by the guy that's the eventual champion than to get eliminated by somebody that also got eliminated by somebody else.

SPORT: You said one time that you didn't want to leave your successor at Houston a ballclub like the one you inherited. What kind of team did you leave Ed Biles?

PHILLIPS: I don't think they were the top talentwise–they're probably in the top five or six. But I think there was unity in work habits and dedication. What I'm saying is, they've got something in Houston that a lot of people don't have, a feeling of togetherness. They know each other. They live together, they play together, they practice together and they party together. I think 41 out of the 45 live in Houston, so they all see each other every day. There's a camaraderie there that I don't think a hell of a lot of people have. I feel like a guy plays for money, he plays for his pride and he plays just to show off. But there's a fourth thing a guy plays for, and that's friendship. I think when it's all said and done you give a little bit extra because you're not going to let your friend down. If you don't know that guy playing next to you it's awful easy for you to walk away and say, "Well, I did the best I could."

SPORT: And that's what you're trying to accomplish in New Orleans too?

PHILLIPS: I can get them to be a whole lot better if they're around each other a whole lot. That's part of the thing you have to try to do in training camp.

Everybody made fun of our beer parties and our domino parties in Houston. I don't care that much about dominoes. But I wanted a chance to get all the players to know everybody on the team a little better. It gives an opportunity for an offensive lineman to be around a defensive lineman. I want to force them to be in enough places and enough parties and enough planes to where they get to know the other guys on the football team.

SPORT: New Orleans plays in Houston this season. I'm not going to ask the tired question if the game will have any special significance, because you don't know.

PHILLIPS: Right, I don't know. Depends on how we're doing when we get there. Anything I tell you now wouldn't necessarily hold up in November.

SPORT: When you're driving your truck down the street or taking a shower, do you ever think, "How am I going to stop that No. 34 [Campbell] when it's my turn to be on the other side of the field?

PHILLIPS: One consolation is that there's not a lot of other people who have stopped him either.

SPORT: Obviously you have a special relationship with him.

PHILLIPS: You'd rather beat your friends than you would anybody else. The better friends you are with someone, the more competition there is. You want to be able to rib him. You don't want him to be able to rib you. I really believe that the closest competition, the hardest competition you have will be from people you think the most of. Pittsburgh was always a big rival of Houston because I thought a whole lot of their players and I think their players thought a lot of us. It was always one of the hardest hitting rivalries we had.

SPORT: Apparently Earl Campbell was upset that you were fired and in addition that the Oilers refused to renegotiate his

(Continued on page 84)

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NFL '81:

The wide-open offense is back. The winners, as usual, will build on the basics–ball control and defense. But more than ever before, the decisive blows will be struck from the air.

by Kevin Lamb, Will McDonough and Peter Griffin

Pro football has taken wing. Nineteen-eighty was the year of the aerial attack, and the NFC, surprisingly, is playing the new game better than the AFC–the former king of the wide-open offense. The once earthbound NFC teams are finally putting the ball where people can catch it; the '80s promise a much more competitive balance of power at Super Bowl time.

Atlanta in the NFC was able to break out of the pack last year with the same style of play that Pittsburgh in the AFC used so formidably in the past–control the ball on offense, throw for a couple of long touchdowns and hog-tie the other team's running game. Los Angeles, Dallas and Detroit played that way too, as did Philadelphia when Wilbert Montgomery wasn't hurt. Only Buffalo and Oakland were able to marshal the same kind of balanced attack in the AFC.

If the pendulum is beginning to swing between the conferences, some of the momentum is coming from the quarterback position. Nine starting quarterbacks in the NFC are between the ages of 25 and 29, just approaching the peaks of their careers; the AFC has just three starters in that bracket, and nine in their 30s.

Another plus for the NFC is its coaching imports from the AFC. Offensive geniuses, they're called at the introductory press conferences. They've become a sort of status symbol, like private skyboxes. The latest are Joe Gibbs, Washington's new head coach by way of San Diego, and Ted Marchibroda, Chicago's new offensive coordinator who was formerly head coach at Baltimore. Ironically, perhaps the top name among these masterminds is Dan Reeves, who made the reverse migration, leaving his job as offensive coordinator at Dallas for major chores as the head coach of one of the AFC's weakest passing teams, Denver.

The secret of those strong NFC teams, as Reeves knows, is that they made the aerial attack the difference in close games, but they didn't rely on passing exclusively. The distinction is important. When the New York Jets forgot about their running game last season, the contenders forgot about the Jets. San Diego and Cleveland went far on the long pass, but they didn't run unless they were late for the team bus. When they both faced Oakland in the AFC playoffs, they succumbed to sustained ball-control drives.

The AFC still has more good teams than the NFC. But the NFC's best are at least as good as the best in the AFC, and those are the teams that will finally bring the era of the killer pass to maturity–teams that bruise you short before they burn you long.

Scoring machines: Dan Fouts' arm led the AFC in TD passes last season; Billy Sims' legs led the NFC in TDs scored.

FOOTBALL 81: THE PROS

EIGHT SURE BETS FOR THE PLAYOFFS

AFC East: Buffalo Bills

The Bills were the surprise team of the AFC in 1980, checking out as the Eastern Division champions after a 7-9 season in 1979. Coach Chuck Knox pumped new life into his team with the draft choices acquired in the trade of O.J. Simpson to San Francisco and added a dash of maturity with veteran acquisitions. Keyed by their own "Bermuda Triangle," as inside linebackers Jim Haslett and Shane Nelson and nose tackle Fred Smerlas like to call themselves, the Bills constructed one of the finest defensive squads in the game. Buffalo led the NFL in defense, after having finished 24th just two years before. "We played intelligent defense," says Knox, who switched from a four-man to a three-man line. The offense helped, too, by controlling the ball and running the third most plays in the league. Three things helped Buffalo's offense enormously: Joe Cribbs, Joe Cribbs and the Shotgun Formation. Cribbs, their second choice in the draft, was a threat as a runner and as a receiver and became the rookie of the year in the AFC. With quarterback Joe Ferguson operating out of the Shotgun, Buffalo had the best third-down completion percentage in the league and the fewest sacks of any offensive line, 20. The Bills will win again in the East.

AFC Central: Pittsburgh Steelers

We can't help but remember The Way They Were. The dominant team of the 1970s. One of football's great dynasties. "Last year was only an interruption," promises Joe Greene, explaining away 1980, when the Steelers missed the playoffs for the first time in nine years because of a series of injuries and the onslaught of age. NFL history tells us that few players can maintain their performance level after 30. In 1981, Pittsburgh will be counting on Greene (35), L.C. Greenwood (35), Mel Blount (33) and Jack Ham (32 and still coming back from a foot injury) on defense, with Terry Bradshaw (33), Sam Davis (37) and Jon Kolb (34) slotted for key roles on offense. Nonetheless, they will be the most feared team in the Central Division if they can reassemble football's most potent strike force of recent years–Bradshaw to Lynn Swann or John Stallworth. Swann and Stallworth were in the starting lineup together only three times last year, due to injuries. Bradshaw was ineffective over the second half of the season after jamming his thumb. Before his injury, the Steelers averaged 27 points per game; after it, 18. Then there is the large question of Franco Harris, who ran for less than 1,000 yards for the first time since 1973. Can he return to form at age 31? Although the pass rush crumbled (down to 18 sacks from 49) and the secondary (25 TD passes) fell apart, the defense is still tough. The Steelers will manage to come out on top in the Central Division.

AFC West: San Diego Chargers

The Chargers should be ready to take the long last step. Two years ago they fell to Houston in the conference semifinals. Last year it was the Oakland Raiders who shot down Air Coryell on the way to Super Bowl XV in New Orleans. This is the team with all the

Led by Joe Cribbs, Buffalo will control the ball and neatly step around the fallen powers in the AFC East.

numbers (most yards on offense, most sacks on defense) but no championship rings. This is the team that no one wants to play. "They are as good as anyone in football on both sides of the ball," says Kansas City coach Marv Levy. Dan Fouts has become the premier passer in the game, throwing for 4,715 yards last year for a league record. His three regular receivers, John Jefferson, Kellen Winslow and Charlie Joiner, were the top three in the conference in receptions and yardage. Winslow set an NFL record for receptions by a tight end (89), though he was used mostly on the wing or in motion in coach Don Coryell's flying circus. Chuck Muncie came over from New Orleans, got his act together at midseason and gave the Chargers explosive power on the ground, running for 4.9 yards per carry. Defensively, in spite of their ability to rush the passer, the Chargers did not play to their potential. Coryell has tried to remedy that by bringing in defensive specialist Jack Pardee (fired as head coach in Washington) to become his defensive coordinator. Pardee is a graduate of the George Allen college of defense. They will win the West.

AFC Wild Card: Oakland Raiders

Although Jim Plunkett got the bulk of the credit, Oakland won the championship with defense. Linebacker Ted Hendricks, voted the best defensive player in the league last year, and all-universe cornerback Lester Hayes spearheaded a unit that was the best in the game from midseason on. New defensive coordinator Charley Sumner turned Hendricks loose to roam the field, while rookie Matt Millen clogged the middle. But the real strength was in the secondary, where Hayes and the rest of the crew of quick defensive backs boldly locked onto receivers man-to-man, allowing the front seven to concentrate on stopping the run. Offensively, in Kenny King they had a back who could get to the outside and make the big play. In Bob Chandler they had a wide receiver who could earn enough respect to keep the field from tilting toward deep threat Cliff Branch. What could bother Oakland this year is age and injury. Art Shell and Gene Upshaw, who have dominated the left side of the offensive line for years, are in their mid-30s. Plunkett played in more pain down the stretch than most people realized.

Oakland linebacker Ted Hendricks, voted the NFL's top defensive player, embraces the wide-open offense.

He had been injured during a regular season game and needed surgery in March to repair a torn rotator cuff in his left shoulder. Oakland will finish second to San Diego in the West but will sail into the playoffs.

NFC East: Dallas Cowboys

One of life's constants is the Cowboys' business at the New Year. They'll be in the playoffs again when 1982 dawns, for the 15th time in 16 seasons, if only because their offense can make a scoreboard roll up numbers like a gas pump. Danny White has turned out to be a reasonable facsimile of Roger Staubach at quarterback, partly because wide receivers Drew Pearson and Tony Hill would be pots of gold at the end of any quarterback's rainbows. Tony Dorsett is 4 for 4 in 1,000-yard rushing seasons. Timmy Newsome is the best of this year's challengers to fullback Robert Newhouse, who always retrieves the starting job by playoff time.

The Cowboys may need to lead the league in points again (454 last year), since their draft did little to shore up weaknesses at outside linebacker and defensive back. They coveted Bobby Butler, who was drafted by Atlanta, because their corners are manned by unproven Steve Wilson and Aaron Mitchell, a natural safety. Their two top safeties, Randy Hughes and Charlie Waters, are recovering from operations; Waters, the mortar in their defense, may retire. Hiding their shaky secondary somewhat are middle linebacker Bob Breunig and the defensive line, where Randy White dominates at one tackle and John Dutton replaces retired Larry Cole at the other. Once again, the Cowboys will take the Eastern Division.

NFC Central: Chicago Bears

"We have to update the offense and improve our signal-calling," patriarch George Halas said after his Bears finished last in passing. To do that, they have hired offensive coordinator Ted Marchibroda with a mandate to put the ball in the air. They've also added devastating rookie Keith Van Horne to an inconsistent offensive line, which probably will start two other former first-round choices (Ted Albrecht and Dennis Lick). Behind them, Walter Payton enters his seventh season as the NFL's fifth-ranked all-time rusher. Vince Evans finally provides an undisputed No. 1 quarterback who can throw

Dallas defensive tackle Randy White eats everything put in front of him, like this Giant McNugget.

long and run. Top wide receiver James Scott left for Montreal, but the Bears won five of six games in a 1979 playoff drive when Scott was injured and Rickey Watts replaced him.

Young linebackers Otis Wilson and Mike Singletary could crack the lineup, too, but defense is not the Bears' problem. They lost a league-high six games by fewer then seven points last year, and they gave up no more than 17 points in five of them. Their pass rush, led by Alan Page and Dan Hampton, is among the league's best, enabling them to get by with just four interceptions from their substandard secondary starters last season. Marchibroda and Payton should provide enough offense to carry the Bears to the top of the weak Central Division.

NFC West: Atlanta Falcons

Bobby Butler figured he was too small to be a first-round draft choice, skinny as milk on a platter, in one scout's words. But any cornerback who can cover is big enough to plug the Falcons' biggest hole. "You're not allowed to hit anyone now anyway," said an assistant coach after Atlanta picked Butler in the first round of this year's draft and safety Scott Woerner in the third round, to reinforce a defense that ranked 25th overall against the pass.

Elsewhere, the Falcons are bulging. Quarterback Steve Bartkowski is a touchdown threat whenever he backpedals; second-year tight end Junior Miller is the NFC's best deep-middle threat; William Andrews and Lynn Cain are the league's best rushing tandem. The defense was among the league leaders in limiting rushing yards and touchdown runs, and Don Smith's move to the middle of the three-man line lit the fuse on its pass rush. All the defense needs is for its three linebackers, Joel Williams, Al Richardson and Buddy Curry, to play as well as they did last season.

The only question is whether everyone who had a great season in injury-free 1980 can do it again. The Falcons are one of the NFL's few teams that can win by passing or running, with a high score or a low score. They'll win in the West this season, but they probably need one more year of polishing. Pencil them in for the 1983 Super Bowl.

NFC Wild Card: Los Angeles Rams

The Rams will miss quarterback Vince Ferragamo's blazing passes and icy poise, which he has taken to Montreal. They'll miss the percussion duets played by linebackers Jack Reynolds, who was released after a contract dispute, and Bob Brudzinski, who left the team last year and was traded in the off-season.

But their lines are still the best in football, especially the offensive unit which made them the league's rushing leaders even after two halfbacks were hurt. Third-stringer Jewerl Thomas lined up with underrated fullback Cullen Bryant in the last two games and gained 291 yards. The secondary of Nolan Cromwell, Johnnie Johnson, Rod Perry and Pat Thomas is matched by few and burned by fewer.

The Rams did need a tight end. New Orleans wouldn't trade them Henry Childs, so they waited and got Childs via a three-team deal with Washington. Reynolds will be the hardest departer to replace; veteran Carl Ekern and rookie Jim Collins are unspectacular in the middle. But Pat Haden once was the quarterback of the future, and George Andrews and rookie Mel Owens were both first-round choices and should be able to fill Brudzinski's spot. L.A. will finish second in the West, since it will take a few games for the offense to adjust to Haden. But if Haden doesn't break a finger for the fourth year in a row, he could be wagging one in the air come January.

FOUR MORE CONTENDERS

New England Patriots

For the past three years, the Pats have led at the halfway mark, only to crumble in December. They have been called the most talented team in the game, a description some players resent. "I don't know how that started," says John Hannah, the NFL's premier offensive lineman. "But it's overrated. I never thought we had all that talent everyone keeps talking about." Offensively, New England has been tough, scoring as many points over the past five years as any team in football. Steve Grogan was leading the league in passing efficiency when his knees dissolved after seven games last season; Matt Cavanaugh came on and finished the year with the best efficiency mark himself. Both had knee surgery in the off-season and will battle for the starting job in training camp. Grogan had the best yards-per-completion record in the league (8.09 yards per catch) throwing to Stanley Morgan, Harold Jackson and Russ Francis. Defense, however, is a problem. This team has five first-round draft picks in the secondary, outstanding linebackers in Steve Nelson and Rod Shoate and a defensive front that has the third-highest number of sacks in the game over the past five years. Yet something strange happens in key situations: they can't stop anyone. In the last three overtime games the Patriots have played, the opposition has scored (and won) the first time it touched the ball.

The Patriots should trail the Bills in the AFC East.

Cleveland Browns

How do they get away with it ? In the era of Air Ball, the Browns finished 28th and last in the league in pass defense and still won the division title. Chutzpah is what this team has. Cleveland revolves around quarterback Brian Sipe. Sipe has the nerve that puts the verve in the Browns' attack, which is why his peers picked him as the MVP in the AFC last year. Mike Pruitt, who may be second only to Earl Campbell as the best all-around fullback in the conference, is the whole ground game. Running back Charles White flopped a year ago. Youngsters Ricky Feacher and Willis Adams will get a shot at trying to steal jobs at receiver from surehanded vets Reggie Rucker and Dave Logan. Defensively, ouch. There is not a legitimate pass rusher in the bunch (Lyle Alzado has not been as effective as he was in Denver). Three of the defensive backs are pushing 30, and the top draft choice of two years ago, cornerback Lawrence Johnson, is coming off shoulder surgery. The Browns drafted cornerback Hanford Dixon on the first round this year, but having lost their second and third choices in trades, they weren't able to help their defense more. Cleveland will have to get the breaks it got a year ago, when Cincinnati beat Pittsburgh twice to open the Browns' way to the AFC Central title. Not likely. Expect them to finish second this year.

Philadelphia Eagles

Don't be alarmed if the defending NFC champs miss the playoffs. They'll be back soon enough, but it's

FREE AGENCY: THE GATHERING STORM

The 1981 NFL season will be a garden party conducted under a darkening sky. For as soon as the season ends, after the Super Bowl and the Pro Bowl have been played, a stormy period of management-labor negotiations is likely to begin. A strike by players at the start of the 1982 season is possible. In fact, both sides will be spending much of this season preparing for exactly that.

The basic collective bargaining agreement between NFL owners and players, signed in 1977, expires next summer. Many issues will be opened for discussion, including contributions to the player pension fund, pre- and post-season pay, safety and insurance. But the most difficult issue will be free agency–and what the players may want in its place.

Clearly, the present system is not working. Last February 1, 137 NFL players became free agents, enabling them to negotiate with any team that wanted to make an offer. Only one, Bob Young of Houston, received an official offer. No one else got a bid. Not Walter Payton. Not Lynn Swann. Not Vince Ferragamo.

Free agency in the NFL is not like free agency in baseball or basketball. Players and owners agree that that is a big reason why salaries in the NFL are well below those in the other two sports. Some players whose contracts have expired, such as Ferragamo, Billy (White Shoes) Johnson and James Scott this year, have left the league altogether for better contracts in the Canadian Football League. But no free agents move within the NFL. In the four years that the present free agent system has been in effect in football, one player out of an eligible 447 has changed teams as a free agent. He was Norm Thompson, who left the St. Louis Cardinals for the Baltimore Colts in 1977. He is now out of the league.

That system will remain in effect for one more off-season. Under its rules, a player with at least four years' service in the league can become a free agent when his contract expires. If he joins a new team, the signing team must compensate the team he left with a college draft choice, ranging from a third-round pick to two consecutive-year first-round picks, depending on the size of the contract the free agent signs. Draft choices are prized jewels in the NFL, and first-round choices are priceless.

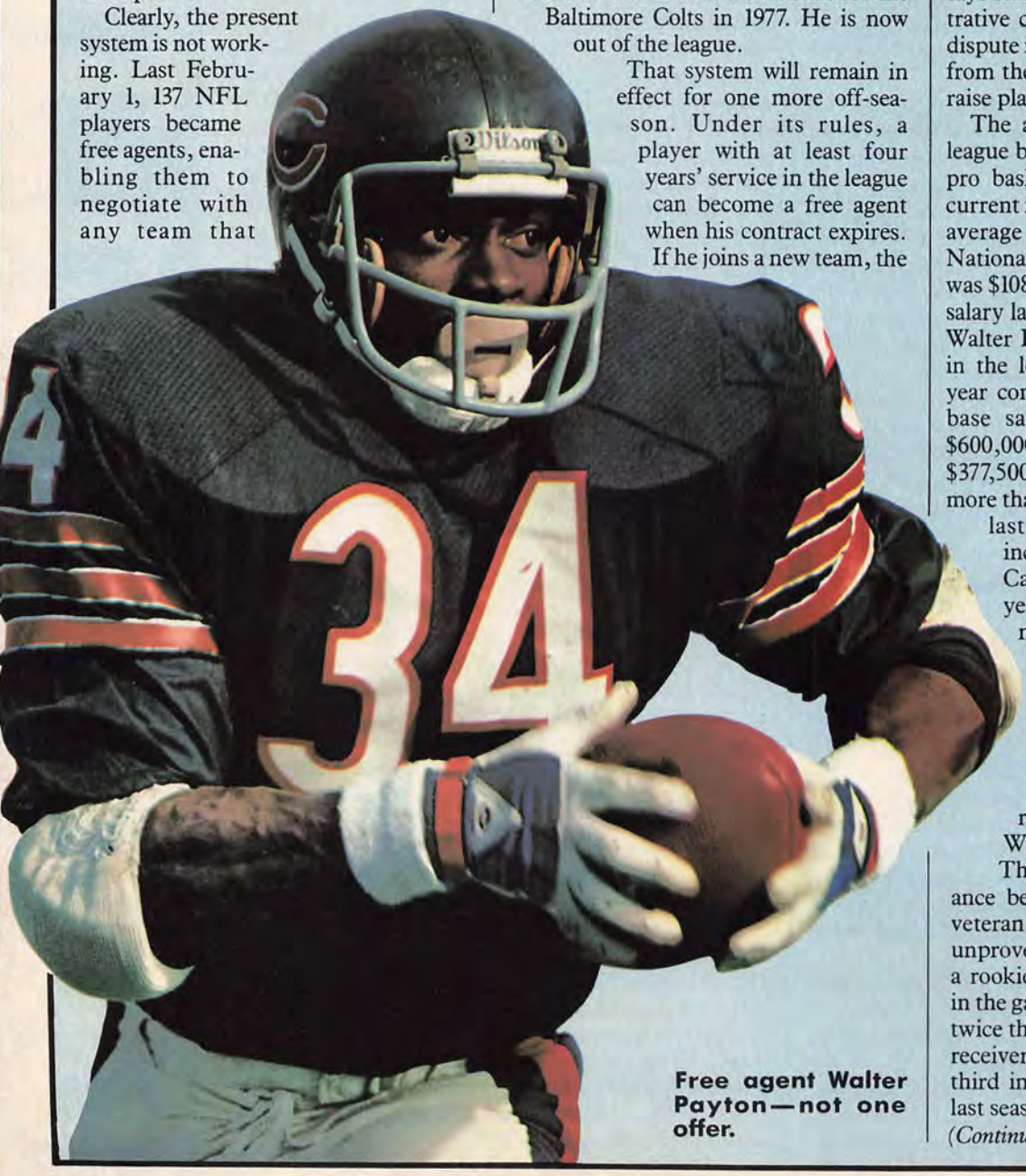
"Most every coach wants to build for next year," says Paul (Bud) Holmes, the lawyer who serves as Walter Payton's agent, "and he just doesn't want to give up two first-round picks. That totally limits the ability of a player to move around."

Even the NFL Management Council, which will represent the 28 team owners in the negotiations next year, acknowledges that much. "The owners have indicated that the free agent system as it is now constituted is not working well," says Rusty Martin, the former administrative coordinator of the council. The dispute is over how to make it work, and from the players' point of view, how to raise player salaries.

The average player salary in major league baseball this year is $172,000. In pro basketball last season, before the current round of free agent signings, the average salary was $185,000; in the National Hockey League last season, it was $108,000. In the NFL, the average salary last year was $79,000. Except for Walter Payton, the highest-paid player in the league–he signed a new three-year contract this summer including a base salary reportedly in excess of $600,000–the top salary is Billy Sims' $377,500. Only four other players make more than $300,000 a year (according to last year's figures, prorated to include deferred payments). Earl Campbell, entering his fourth year in the league and regarded by many as the top player in the game, asked to renegotiate his contract this past off-season. He was refused. Last year he earned an even $300,000 –nearly $200,000 less than Ed Farmer, a journeyman relief pitcher for the Chicago White Sox.

There is also considerable imbalance between the wages of many top veteran players and those of prized but unproven rookies. Johnny (Lam) Jones, a rookie, was the highest-paid receiver in the game last year, at $264,000. That's twice the salary of two-time all-pro wide receiver Charlie Joiner, who finished third in reception yardage in the AFC last season. Jones finished 35th.

(Continued on page 87)



Free agent Walter Payton—not one offer.

time for those vacant drafts of the late '70s to catch up with them. The Eagles have fewer starters in the peak productive years of 25 through 29 than has any other contender. Age's effects are subtle. Bill Bergey, for example, led the team in tackles at age 35 but didn't remind many blockers of Bill Bergey. Harold Carmichael caught nine touchdown passes at 31 but dropped more balls late last season. But it won't be long before the Eagles have a great young nucleus. Third-year linebacker Jerry Robinson and second-year cornerback Roynell Young join linebacker John Bunting and end Carl Hairston in anchoring a defense that is sensational, particularly against the run. The often-criticized depth has been improved with rookies Dean Miraldi, at guard, and Leonard Mitchell, a potentially great defensive end. Miraldi and Mitchell will eventually replace 38-year-old Woody Peoples, who may retire any day, and Claude Humphrey, the 37-year-old pass rusher who may play forever. Second-year fullback Perry Harrington could be the running mate that game-breaker Wilbert Montgomery has never had. If he isn't, Ron Jaworski simply will lead the NFC in passing again. But he won't win a title.

Detroit Lions

No team threw fewer touchdown passes last season than the Lions (13), but quarterback Gary Danielson simply didn't have a deep threat last year. Billy Sims was otherwise occupied, rushing for 1,303 yards, catching 51 passes and scoring 16 touchdowns. Imagine what he'll do with rookie wide receiver Mark Nichols streaking down the sideline to distract the defense from time to time.

With overpowering Keith Dorney and several injured players returning to the offensive line, the Lions will score. Although the defense led the league in limiting touchdown passes and rushing yards, weaknesses at tackle and linebacker could be troublesome. Doug English may help by returning to defensive tackle after a year of making international oil deals. But at linebacker, signal caller Stan White's possible retirement could leave a serious hole to fill. Another area of potential trouble is the relationship between players and general manager Russ Thomas. Thomas offered some unwelcome coaching advice and less welcome player salaries last year in the midst of a slump of seven losses in 10 games. But in spite of the question marks, the Lions should be good enough to back up the Bears in the Central Division of the NFC.

FIVE THAT COULD GO EITHER WAY

New York Jets

Why did the Jets go away from their running game last year, finishing 18th overall, after ranking No. 1 the year before? The Jets tried to open it up, with Richard Todd going to the great speed of receivers Johnny (Lam) Jones and Wesley Walker. But Walker kept getting hurt and Jones still has to prove he deserves to be the highest paid receiver in the game. Offensively, the Jets needed breakaway backs, and they moved boldly in the draft to grab running backs Freeman McNeil and Marion Barber. Both are expected to step into the starting lineup. New offensive coordinator Joe Walton, rescued from Washington, will probably implement a more controlled pass offense. Defensively, the front four is coming on strong. Greg Buttle is a top linebacker, but the group is weak overall. The secondary is strong but got hung out to dry too many times in man-to-man coverage.

Houston Oilers

New coach Ed Biles can hardly win. Bum Phillips, the former coach, was a home-grown legend. The coaching staff has been cut up. The players began griping after their quick departure from the playoffs in Oakland. Earl the Franchise wanted a new contract. The problems go on and on. Biles promises to take the load off Campbell by relying more on a two-back system. He wants to have only one tight end, which will make either Dave Casper or Mike Barber very unhappy. Ken Stabler will be pushed at quarterback by Gifford Nielsen. "All I know about Nielsen," says Biles, "is that every time he's started, we've won the game." Defensively the Oilers are sound, fifth overall in the NFL last season, and they should remain that way because most of the key people are young.

Denver Broncos

Shortly after new owner Edgar Kaiser put up nearly $30 million (the most ever paid for a sports franchise) to buy the team last March, he fired head coach Red Miller and general manager Fred Gehrke, who together had built the Orange Crush. Kaiser brought in Dan Reeves from the Cowboys' staff as head coach, and former Viking Grady Alderman as GM. Craig Morton should get his job back at quarterback to help smooth the transition to the complicated Dallas system. Matt Robinson, a great disappointment a year ago, still has to prove himself. Tony Reed, grabbed in a trade with Kansas City, could be their best running back, but they'll need more than Reed to match the explosiveness in the Western Division. Defensively they will get a big lift from the return of linebacker Bob Swenson, who missed all of last year with a broken arm, and from top draft choice Dennis Smith, who should battle veteran Bill Thompson at safety.

Green Bay Packers

Six quarterbacks will battle for jobs, not counting coach Bart Starr. Starr's selection of quarterback Rich Campbell on the first round of the draft was a surprise, since a defensive back would have helped more in the one year left on Starr's contract. But his team ranked last in scoring last season behind veteran Lynn Dickey, whose legs are so banged up that he edges into the pocket like someone sneaking out of a room. What the Packers need most is assurance that their coach isn't just passing through town. They are also desperate for nose guard Bruce Clark to return from Canada and for their above-average linebackers and offensive linemen to return from the bulging injury list. Wide receiver James Lofton, running backs Gerry Ellis and Eddie Lee Ivery and tight end Paul Coffman represent legitimate firepower.

Minnesota Vikings

Poised to break either way, the Vikings' youth and 1980 division title suggest a turn for the better. Their lines, however, suggest a turn for the worse. Quarterback Tommy Kramer, who varies from awful to awesome, suggests a little of both trends. The Vikings have a nice foundation in running back Ted Brown, tight end Joe Senser, guard Brent Boyd, defensive end Doug Martin and cornerback Willie Teal. Safeties Tommy Hannon and Kurt Knoff are the best in the Central

Division; wide receiver Ahmad Rashad and outside linebacker Matt Blair may be the best in the conference. Still, this is a one-dimensional team that makes big plays but has yet to run well or play good defense.

CLOSE, BUT NOT QUITE

Kansas City Chiefs

The Chiefs may be one of the most improved teams in the AFC. They have been strong on defense the past two years, with a good front line spearheaded by Art Still, one of the best defensive ends in the game. Their secondary includes outstanding players (Gary Green, Eric Harris, Gary Barbaro) but it has one more safety slot to fill before it can be considered upper-crust. Internal problems and lack of firepower on offense led to a slow (0 for 4) start last year. Head coach Marv Levy moved to correct those problems in the off-season, taking blockbuster tight end Willie Scott of South Carolina on the first round and explosive running back Joe Delaney on the second round in the draft. Either Steve Fuller or Bill Kenney, two fourth-year quarterbacks, will have to come up with a big season, something this team hasn't had since Len Dawson retired.

St. Louis Cardinals

From the last three drafts, the Cardinals have reaped one of the NFL's five best runners, Ottis Anderson; a full defensive line, Curtis Greer, Rush Brown and Stafford Mays; and promising solutions to long-time puzzles at tight end, Doug Marsh, and linebacker, where rookie E.J. Junior should be able to lend immediate help. Rookie quarterback Neil Lomax is a solid heir apparent to 37-year-old Jim Hart, who won't need replacing yet if offensive linemen Terry Stieve and Keith Wortman return from injuries to strengthen a unit that ranked 26th in sacks allowed. Hart can still pick defenses apart–if he is protected. Then the Cards would be just another defensive draft away from serious playoff contention.

San Francisco 49ers

The 49ers have drafted three-fourths of a defensive backfield to fill the empty shoes that permitted opponents to complete 66.1 percent of their passes and throw for 29 touchdowns. Rookies Ronnie Lott, Eric Wright and Carlton Williamson will start with veteran Dwight Hicks. With the signing of experienced linebacker Jack Reynolds to go with a

Dave Jennings kicks out of jams, no small task on the Giants.

ROOKIES TO LOOK FOR

Some NFL rookies labor in obscurity; some find stardom overnight. But the difference isn't necessarily talent–it's more a question of what position a rookie plays and, most important, how badly his new team needs him there.

The pro scouts will tell you that the rookies with the best chance of instant success are running backs, wide receivers, defensive backs and defensive linemen–the positions that require less of a transition from college ball. The more difficult adjustments are at quarterback, linebacker and offensive lineman–especially at guard.

But no matter what position, if a rookie is immediately *needed*, he's more likely to have immediate impact. On that basis, here are the rookies who should flower in their debut seasons.

James Brooks, San Diego Chargers running back. Brooks has great hands, which is what the Chargers need most coming out of their backfield.

Kenny Easley, Seattle Seahawks safety–Easley is a superb athlete blessed with unusual poise. He'll get a great deal of freedom at safety.

Hugh Green, Tampa Bay Buccaneers linebacker. Although he'll be learning a new position, Green should continue to have a propensity for making the big play, especially with David Lewis playing opposite him in the 3-4 alignment.

E.J. Junior, St. Louis Cardinals middle linebacker. Junior has always been difficult to fool and has dominating physical ability. Cards will build their defense around him.

Ronnie Lott, San Francisco 49ers cornerback. A tremendous athlete who makes things happen. It's only a matter of time before opposing QBs learn to throw away from him.

Randy McMillan, Baltimore Colts fullback. The perfect inside complement to Curtis Dickey. McMillan is strong enough to be overpowering on blocking assignments and fast enough to break outside.

Freeman McNeil, New York Jets running back. He has great runner's instincts and power, which match him up fine with an offense that has lacked only those elements.

Mark Nichols, Detroit Lions wide receiver. Nichols is raw, but the Lions need a deep threat. Has good size, great speed and can catch. He will help take the pressure off Billy Sims.

George Rogers, New Orleans Saints running back. Bum Phillips' system depends upon the tailback. Most scouts figure Rogers will at least resemble Earl Campbell, and that's saying a lot.

Willie Scott, Kansas City Chiefs tight end. Scott is called "an Ozzie Newsome type"; he'll get the ball, and at 6-4, 240, he'll be trouble when he does.

George Rogers—workhorse service on a last-place team.

promising group of defensive ends and outside linebackers, the defense may finally be catching up to the already dangerous offense. That end is handled by quarterback Joe Montana and the top two NFC pass receivers, fullback Earl Cooper and wide receiver Dwight Clark. This is a winning team if it avoids another epidemic of injuries.

ALSO RANS

Baltimore Colts

Bert Jones was not the savior the Colts hoped he would be in 1980. Attrition has taken its toll in the offensive and defensive lines. The big plus is running back Curtis Dickey, who will play a prominent role now that Joe Washington has been granted his wish and traded. The defense will use the 3-4 alignment more this year, and the club hopes that Donnell Thompson, a highly regarded rookie defensive end, will be able to contribute immediately. Top draft choice Randy McMillan will give Jones more weapons than ever before.

Miami Dolphins

Don Shula will have to be Superman to keep the Dolphins from falling through the bottom of the AFC East. Bob Griese has retired with a dead arm. Top draft choice David Overstreet jumped to Canada, leaving the running back corps without speed. And the biggest question of all is second-year quarterback David Woodley, who may have been overrated. With the addition of fine linebacker Bob Brudzinski, traded from the Rams, the defensive front seven should be even tougher. The secondary improved considerably against the bomb last year. Still, it remains to be seen if the very green offensive unit can hold the ball long enough to put points on the board and give the Dolphin defense an occasional rest.

Cincinnati Bengals

The Bengals are going to be wearing new uniforms this season, but stripes don't make a tiger. Cincinnati scored the fewest points in the conference last season, 244. The first thing coach Forrest Gregg has to resolve is the problem of who is going to play quarterback: Kenny Anderson or third-year man Jack Thompson. The running backs are big, but they're not game-breakers. Isaac Curtis is not the great receiver of old, but the Bengals used their two top picks to draft receivers David Verser and Chris Collinsworth. Defensively, the Bengals aren't bad, though they have some deficiencies in the secondary. A merry-go-round of kickers combined for a 51.7 percent field-goal efficiency, the second-worst in the conference.

Seattle Seahawks

This is a team that arrived before its time. It ran out of miracles last year, losing eight times in the friendly Kingdome. Quarterback Jim Zorn was under blitzing pressure all year. The Seahawks' running backs are slow and the offensive line is mediocre. Defensively, top rookie Jacob Green had a fine year, but there is little other strength in the unit. This year the team drafted Ken Easley of UCLA, who they hope will give them immediate help in the secondary. Playing in the toughest division in football, the AFC West, will make this a long season for coach Jack Patera.

New York Giants

One of the people coach Ray Perkins needs to help get his exciting offense off the blackboard is rookie tight end Dave Young, whose questionable attitude made him only a second-round choice. Perkins will make do without a speedy halfback again, and third-year quarterback Phil Simms is still learning. The Giants will have ample opportunity to showcase Dave Jennings, the NFL's best punter. On defense, rookie linebacker Lawrence Taylor will make an immediate impact, largely because defensive end Gary Jeter and linebacker Brad Van Pelt have been doing most of the work themselves.

Washington Redskins

New coach Joe Gibbs will have the ball in the air to everyone, especially new veteran running backs Joe Washington and Terry Metcalf and second-year wide receiver Art Monk. But fullback John Riggins, who sat out last season, may be the key to the Redskins if he is able to return and have a big year. Rookie linemen Mark May and Russ Grim are likely starters at tackle and center on an offensive line that must give quarterback Joe Theismann time to look for more than a soft landing spot. But the defense will miss ex-coach Jack Pardee. They did not draft the defensive linemen and linebacks they need so desperately. The Redskins did lead the league in pass defense; Lemar Parrish and Joe Lavender are the league's best cornerback pair, allowing a scant 47 percent completion rate.

Tampa Bay Buccaneers

The Buccaneers have won nine of their last 26 games. Their vaunted defense slipped from first to 20th in the NFL, losing all touch with opposing quarterbacks after nose guard Randy Crowder's serious knee injury. Lee Roy Selmon slipped from the best defensive end on the planet to merely good; the linebackers slipped around too much and the secondary never was very good. Rookie linebacker Hugh Green will help considerably, as will rookie fullback James Wilder. But the young Bucs are a volatile, emotional team. They'll stop blowing 10-point leads, as they did six times last year, when they grow up.

New Orleans Saints

"Attitude is the number one problem," says new coach Bum Phillips. "My job is to make players play as hard as they can, not as hard as they think they can."

Phillips says the Saints' problem on defense–where they ranked last in total yardage, passing yardage, interceptions and touchdown passes–stemmed more from their exotic flex formation than from their people, but safety Tommy Myers is the unit's only above-average player. On offense, Archie Manning would be the NFL's best quarterback if he had a real team around him. He does have talented wide receiver Wes Chandler; the top-drafted rookie in the country, halfback George Rogers; and an offensive line that permitted just 17 sacks when the Saints were 8-8 in 1979.

HOW THEY'LL FINISH

For the first time in its 16-year history, the Super Bowl will not be played in the Sunbelt–Super Bowl XVI will unveil in the Silverdome in Pontiac, Mich. But according to our projections, on the NFL playoffs chart at right, it will be the beach boys from southern California who make the January trip to Pontiac.

AFC	NFC
East	**East**
Buffalo	Dallas
•New England	Philadelphia
N.Y. Jets	St. Louis
Baltimore	N.Y. Giants
Miami	Washington
Central	**Central**
Pittsburgh	Chicago
Cleveland	•Detroit
Houston	Green Bay
Cincinnati	Minnesota
	Tampa Bay
West	
San Diego	**West**
•Oakland	Atlanta
Kansas City	•Los Angeles
Denver	San Francisco
Seattle	New Orleans

•Wild Card Teams

PROGNOSTICATIONS

Winner of the Race for the No. 1 Draft Pick. Washington. Although the Redskins are not the worst team on paper, it takes time for a new coach to teach a new offense. Former coach Jack Pardee was so preoccupied with defense that he once praised Walter Payton's tackling on interceptions.

The Unfairest Windfall. Los Angeles owns Washington's first-round pick.

Game of the Year. The final regular season game, Monday, December 21, Oakland at San Diego–the winner could be unstoppable.

New Orleans' Only Interesting Game of the Year. Saints at Houston, November 22. Bum goes home. Does he know Earl's secret?

The Most Likely Most Valuable Players. AFC: Earl Campbell shows he ranks with the all-time greats; NFC: Steve Bartkowski of Atlanta has Terry Bradshaw's ability to turn a game around by himself.

The Most Likely Rookies of the Year. AFC: Freeman McNeil of the Jets fills the only hole in a great offense. NFC: Hugh Green of Tampa Bay, the perfect complement to Lee Roy Selmon.

Most Likely Coaches of the Year. AFC: Marv Levy of Kansas City gets the Chiefs back on the warpath. NFC: Bum Phillips of New Orleans has ample room to improve the record of a team that is not as bad as its 1980 performance.

Four Coaches Who Might Be Unemployed at Christmas. Ron Erhardt, New England; Walt Michaels, Jets; Bart Starr, Green Bay; Monte Clark, Detroit.

The Most Valuable Comeback Players. AFC: Offensive tackle Russ Washington of San Diego missed last year with an injury; his pass protection is critical to Chargers' Super Bowl plans. NFC: Pat Haden of Los Angeles may make the Rams wonder why he was sent away.

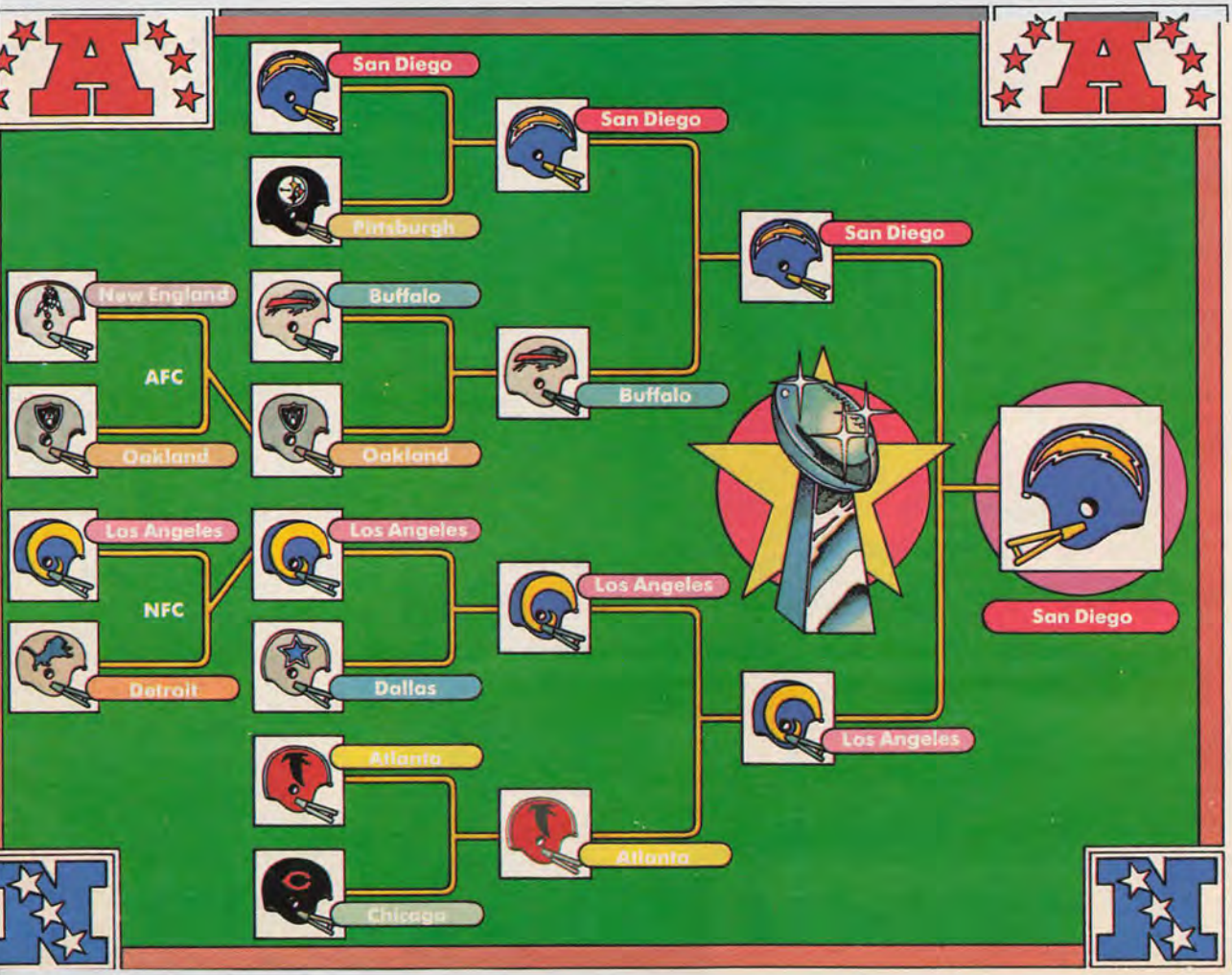
The Toughest Schedule. Miami faces opponents with a combined 1980 record of 138-118.

The Easiest Schedule. Green Bay, whose 1981 opponents had a combined record of 106-148-2 last season (it will play only six games vs. opponents who were over .500).

The Team That Will Be the Most Fun to Root For. St. Louis. The Cards will not have a great record, but they have a lot of good young players, they'll be better than last year, they'll lose some high-scoring games and they'll pull some upsets.

The Player Most on the Spot. Richard Todd, quarterback of the Jets; if the offense doesn't produce this year, he's the fall guy.

Man-to-Man Matchup Most Likely to Lead to Fisticuffs. Tight end Jimmie Giles of Tampa Bay vs. safety Doug Plank of Chicago. Plank was fined $750 for spearing Giles on a Monday night last October. They don't like each other.



FOOTBALL '81: THE PROS

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COLLEGE '81:

The best teams in the country, and how to *prove* who's Number One.

by Norm Hitzges

The University of Pennsylvania is the No. 1 college fencing team in the country. Stanford wears the collegiate crown in water polo. Tennessee Tech reigns as the NCAA rifle champion. We know these things to be true because each school won its title in an NCAA postseason playoff. The NCAA oversees championship competition in 19 Division I men's sports. Eighteen of them are decided by postseason playoff action. The one that isn't is major college football.

What football has instead are the year-end wire service polls. But in some years, even the polls don't pick the champ. In 1969, Texas had won the Big Shootout with Arkansas and followed it with a bowl triumph. Unbeaten Penn State had also put together a marvelous season capped by a bowl victory. But before the balloters could pick up their pencils, President Richard Nixon had proclaimed the Longhorns Number 1. So much for Penn State.

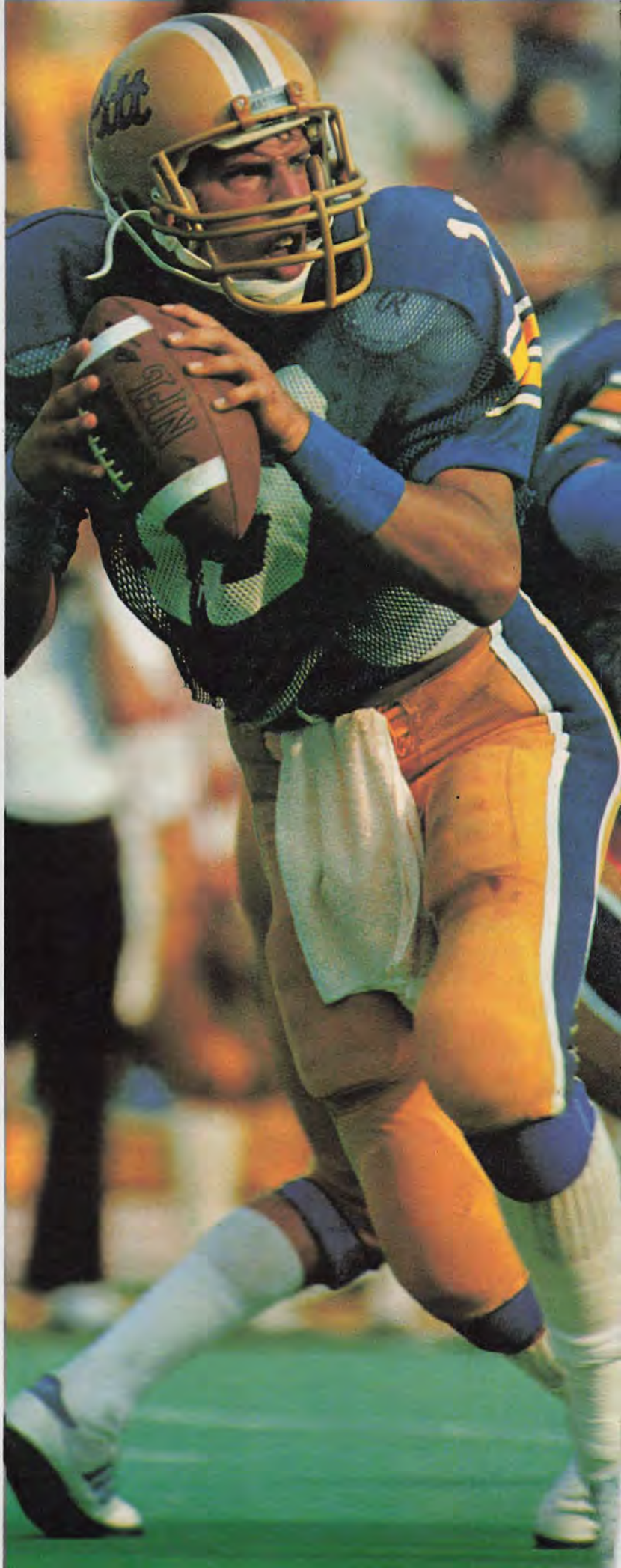
The college football playoff void has not, of course, gone unnoticed. But it has gone unrectified. The voices of those opposed to a playoff system have become predictable. Bear Bryant of Alabama: "We don't want to do anything to hurt the bowls." Bo Schembechler of Michigan: "We already tax the student athlete too heavily. You just can't continually compete in football and expect these kids to get a viable degree." Jim Brock of the Cotton Bowl: "What's wrong with lots of winners at the end of a season? Why must we have just one?"

But there are sentiments of support as well. Joe Paterno of Penn State: "A national playoff could add $40 million to our revenue–we just can't afford to leave $40 million on the table. If I don't support such a plan, I'm not living up to my responsibility." Hayden Fry of Iowa: "All we have to do is look at the success the pros have had with playoffs. I don't think it's that difficult to work out a playoff system." Frank Broyles of Arkansas: "The playoffs are inevitable."

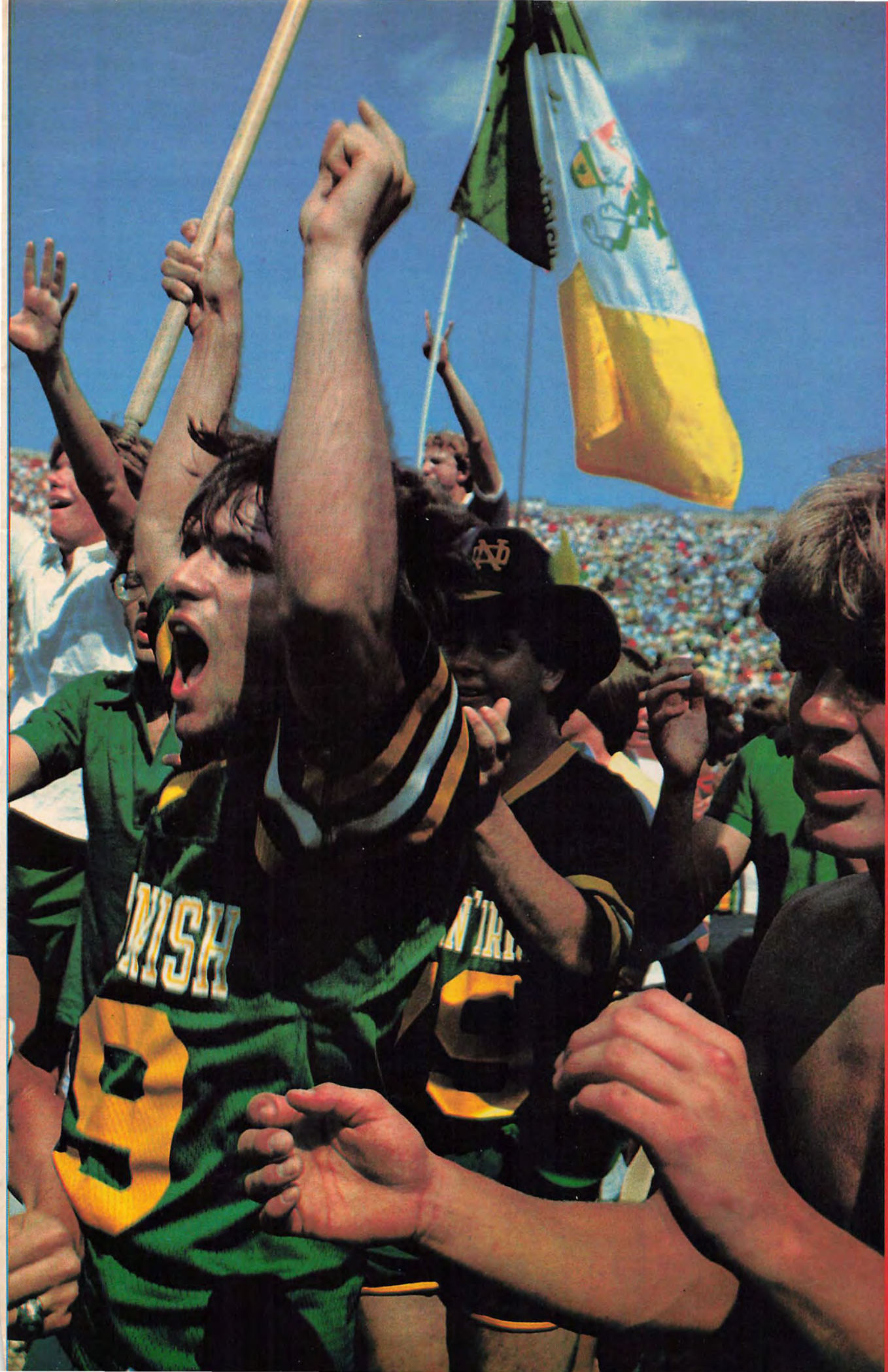
Broyles and Fry are right. It is inevitable and it's not that difficult. There is a way, a way in which the bowls will not be jeopardized, in which more money is generated for everyone, and in which the college season can still conclude on New Year's weekend.

And here's The Plan.

The regular college season must be completed by Thanksgiving. The Monday following Thanksgiving the top eight teams in a consensus of the UPI and AP polls are issued invitations. The NCAA computer then rates the eight other strongest teams and adds them to the field to total 16. How does the computer do this? Who knows? But the NCAA basketball computer somehow determines that Boston College is slightly better than Syracuse and thus deserves a post-season



Dan Marino (right) can keep Pitt competitive despite heavy losses to graduation. (Far right) Fightin' Irish eyes will be smiling if new coach Gerry Faust lives up to his notice.



FOOTBALL 81: COLLEGE

basketball invite. The same can be done with football. Once the 16-team field has been chosen, the computer seeds them by power rating–1 through 16. In round one #1 plays #16, #2 faces #15, #3 plays #14, etc.

To eventually determine a champion would then require eight first-round games, four quarterfinals, a pair of semifinal games and the final. Fifteen games in all. And how many major bowls were played last season? Fifteen. Convenient, isn't it? The bowls themselves, with a slight rearranging, would form the entire national championship playoff grid.

It gets a bit sticky here. You're dealing with bowl committees, egos, tradition and often a collection of major charities who benefit from the bowl. But let's be realistic. Of all the bowls, only the four majors–Rose, Cotton, Orange and Sugar–have any real bearing on the eventual poll winner. The Peach, Bluebonnet, Fiesta and others often offer attractive matchups, but none of them has decided the national title.

Our system allots those four major bowls the prime playoff games. Each year, in turn, one of those four will host the title game, two others will host the semi-finals and the fourth will have a quarterfinal that should include the top-seeded team.

The other 11 bowls, meanwhile, would be placed on an 11-year cycle during which each of them would be in a first-round site eight times and a quarterfinal three times.

The playoffs would always begin the second weekend in December, thus allowing for a two-week buildup preceding opening round games. Two of the eight first-rounders could be played on Friday night and the other six spread throughout Saturday, thus insuring the maximum television exposure. Quarterfinals would be held the third weekend of December, semifinals on Christmas weekend and the finals on the Saturday of New Year's weekend.

To convince you that this is more than idle talk, we've made, on the following pages, our SPORT Magazine pre-season predictions of the Top 16 teams in the nation, and plugged them into our proposed playoff system. Admittedly, we've fantasized a bit with the outcomes, but we do end up with *the* national champion. See, it works.

Georgia's Herschel Walker was a super freshman in 1980, rushing for over 1,600 yards. He'll be a super soph in '81.

The Top 16

Forget about the players. We know good athletes will go to Texas, Oklahoma, Alabama and the other big state schools. But the two main factors that will determine how a college football team will do are schedule and coaching. If Penn State had Michigan's schedule, they could be No. 1; if Oklahoma didn't have to face USC and Michigan, the Sooners would have a much better chance of emerging on top. One more universal truth, proven again and again over the past ten years: in college ball, running teams win and passing teams don't–Texas threw 133 passes all season when they won the title in 1969. With those factors in mind, here are SPORT Magazine's Top 16 teams in the country for 1981.

1. MICHIGAN. A big factor in rating the Wolverines No. 1 is their easy schedule. The Big Ten is a weak conference this season, and Michigan gets its two toughest opponents–Ohio State and Notre Dame–at home.

2. OKLAHOMA. The Sooners play in a rugged conference–the Big Eight–but they do get Nebraska at Norman, and they haven't lost to the Cornhuskers there since 1971. Oklahoma, however, also faces two tough non-conference away games: Texas and USC.

3. ALABAMA. The Tide could get ambushed in the September 5 opener at LSU. Additional pressure for that game comes with its being moved up from November to be ABC's TV season opener. If Alabama gets past LSU, there's still Penn State coming up on November 14.

4. PENN STATE. Joe Paterno's Nittany Lions could roll to the national title despite playing the toughest schedule of any team picked in the Top 16: Nebraska, Pitt, Alabama, Notre Dame, Miami (Florida). This team will score points; defense is the big question, but Paterno should find an answer.

5. NOTRE DAME. Unfortunately for the Irish, they must play two of their three toughest opponents on the road: Penn State and Michigan. They do get USC in South Bend. If Gerry Faust coaches as well as he recruits, Notre Dame could have itself another Frank Leahy.

6. NEBRASKA. On sheer talent, the Cornhuskers should win nine games. Florida State and Penn State back to back in September will be tough. With the balance of power in college football, a team can lose two games and still finish high in the rankings.

7. WASHINGTON. Don James is the best coach in the Pac-10. The Huskies get USC at home, but must play UCLA away. Outside the conference, it looks like a breeze for the Huskies. The likes of Pacific, Kansas State and Texas Tech shouldn't stand in their way.

8. ARKANSAS. There's no logical explanation for this high seeding, but Lou Holtz won't have two bad years in a row. And the Razorbacks have a couple of easy non-conference games.

9. UCLA. This pick is based on the premise that UCLA always has speed and good athletes. And a solid coach in Terry Donahue. An easy non-conference schedule should guarantee a Top-10 record for the Bruins–if they can avoid the Pac-10 upsets that burned them last year.

10. GEORGIA. Despite winning the national championship last year, Georgia had a mediocre freshman crop. Their schedule is easy, including Temple, Clemson, South Carolina and Georgia Tech. And Herschel Walker will win four games on his own.

11. PITTSBURGH. An easy schedule puts the Panthers higher than they should be. If they can beat Florida State and Penn State, they should go undefeated. The running attack is questionable; the defense lost everybody; but Dan Marino is a winner.

12. TEXAS. Fred Akers must win big this year or face some unhappy and powerful alumni. The key opponent will be Oklahoma in determining how the Longhorns do in the national rankings, but they'll also have to watch out for Arkansas and SMU.

13. FLORIDA. In the even-numbered years, the schedule favors the Gators. In the odd-numbered years, well, that's another story. Florida plays conference games against Auburn, LSU and Mississippi State on the road. Charley Pell has recruited three super freshman crops in a row. But the Gators will have to wait 'til '82 to win the SEC.

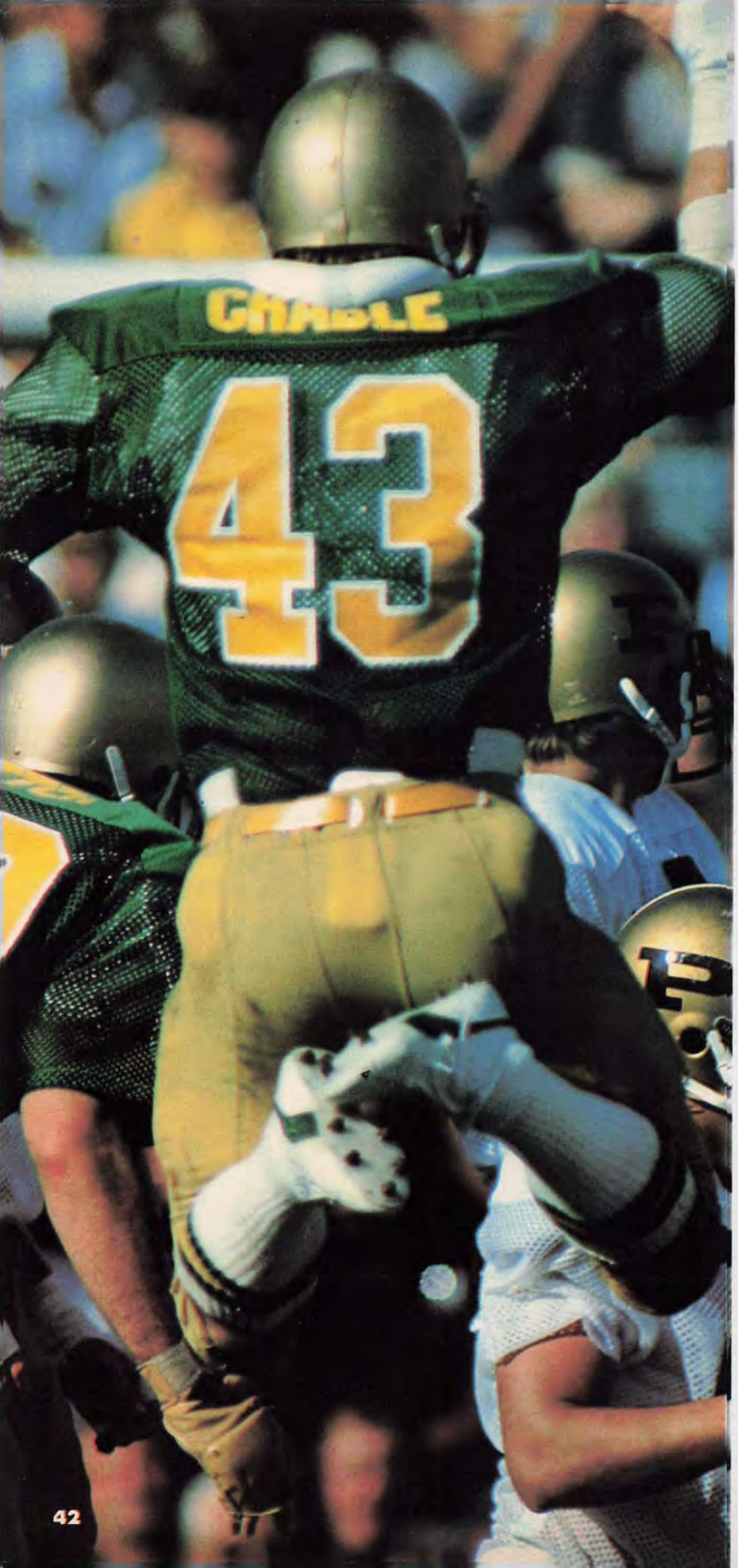
14. USC. Oklahoma on September 26 will decide the type of year it will be for the Trojans. Some experts say USC has the material to go all the way, but the feeling here is that this will be just a mediocre year for the Trojans. They'll lose three games.

15. LSU. The opener against Alabama is Armageddon for LSU. If LSU upsets Alabama watch out; this would take a team that is 7-4 on paper and make them 9-2. But don't bet on it. Bear Bryant's record versus LSU is 17-5-1. The second week is Armageddon II: Notre Dame.

16. OHIO STATE. Ohio State had a poor freshman crop, Art Schlichter is coming off a disappointing junior year and the Buckeyes have to play Michigan at Ann Arbor. The players are questioning coach Earle Bruce, specifically his game plan (not enough passing) last year against Michigan when they lost 9-3. But playing in the weak Big Ten will still land the Buckeyes in the Top 16.

... And one that won't count: SMU. The Mustangs have an outstanding coach in Ron Meyer, and a crew of scorers in running backs Craig James and Eric Dickerson, QB Lance McIlhenny and kicker Eddie Garcia. This is definitely a Top 16 team, but the incentive is gone for 1981. SMU is playing out a two-year probation for recruiting violations.

Norm Hitzges is a sports broadcaster in Dallas. Other contributors to this preview were Carroll H. (Beano) Cook and Joel Buchsbaum.



A Mythical National Championship

If there were a college football post-season playoff, and *if* it were designed as we have proposed, and *if* our Top 16 teams were to play it off accordingly, here's how the 1981 season might end. Look what fun it could be.

OPENING ROUND

LIBERTY BOWL *Memphis, Dec. 11, 7 PM EST: #1 Michigan vs. #16 Ohio State*

Only a few weeks before, Michigan wrapped up the regular season top spot and the Big Ten championship by stopping Ohio State at Ann Arbor. But everyone knows Michigan's horrible post-season record. Stifling Buckeye QB Art Schlichter twice in a row proves more than the Wolverines can muster. On Liberty Bowl's neutral turf before a sellout crowd, Buckeyes spring a major upset. The regular season champ has been eliminated almost before the playoffs have begun.

GARDEN STATE BOWL *East Rutherford, N.J., Dec. 12, 2 PM: #5 Notre Dame vs. #12 Texas*

Maturing Notre Dame has gotten stronger by the game. Texas meanwhile remains one-dimensional, depending on the running of Jam Jones. The Irish stop Jam. Texas flounders, as usual, trying to throw the ball to play catch-up. Irish, unlucky not to win it all in '80, move a step closer in '81.

TANGERINE BOWL *Orlando, Dec. 12, 5 PM: #3 Alabama vs. #14 USC*

Classic pairing. Gruff old Bear against tough young Robinson. USC started very slowly but survived a brutal schedule. Trojans, by now, have gotten the kinks worked out and their new quarterback, Scott Tinsley, worked in– they're just the kind of team that benefits from a playoff. Bryant, had he picked his opponent, would never have chosen the Trojans. Rightly so. USC in an upset.

PEACH BOWL *Atlanta, Dec. 12, 9 PM: #7 Washington vs. #10 Georgia*

With Don James of Washington and Vince Dooley of Georgia, this Peach Bowl becomes a coaching clinic. James commits most of defensive effort to limiting sensational Herschel Walker. Dooley counters by using Walker as running decoy and as pass receiver. Washington should be better but Bulldogs have a way of getting it done. A coin toss game. This time it comes up Washington.

Linebacker Bob Crable will become Notre Dame's all-time leading tackler this season.

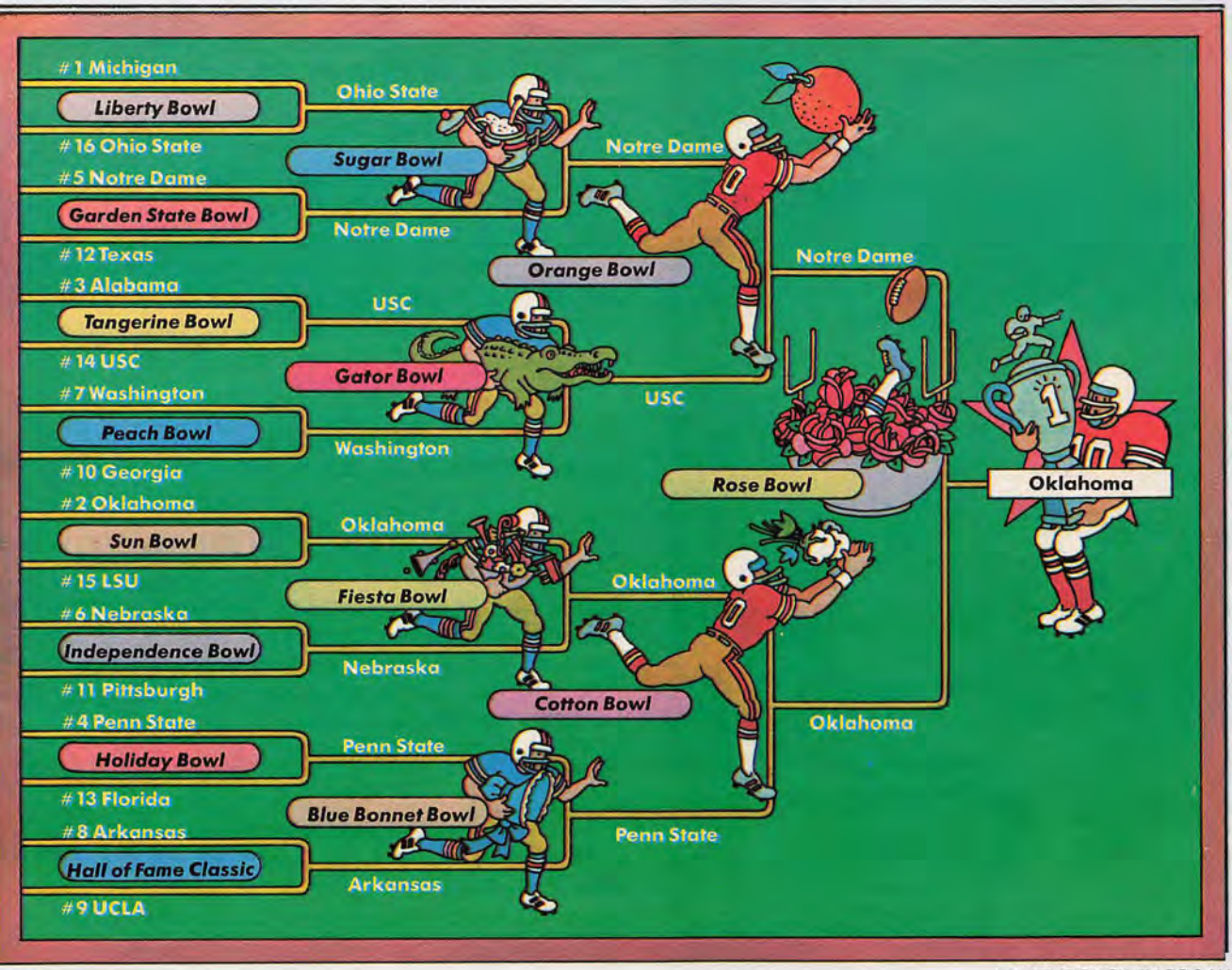


ILLUSTRATION BY JIM DEIGAN

SUN BOWL *El Paso, Dec. 11, 10 PM: #2 Oklahoma vs. #15 LSU*
Grinding Oklahoma offense proves too much for the Tigers who have neither the speed nor the depth to win. But LSU scares the Sooners for three quarters. OU gets just what it needs: victory with a stern test.

INDEPENDENCE BOWL *Shreveport, Dec. 12, 2 PM: #6 Nebraska vs. #11 Pitt*
Shreveport, La., is aglow with what papers call "the biggest football game ever played here." Just the kind of match Pitt coach Sherrill wanted to show off Eastern football as the equal of that played anywhere. But today the East comes up least. Pitt's softie schedule hasn't prepared them for battle-tested Nebraska. The Cornhuskers advance.

HOLIDAY BOWL *San Diego, Dec. 12, 5 PM: #4 Penn State vs. #13 Florida*
Two chess players, Paterno vs. Pell. Revamped Florida program has flourished even with inexperienced players. Gators are speedy and dangerous. But Penn State's suddenly strong schedule has had them playing big games all year. Nittany Lions do as they usually do, find a way to win.

HALL OF FAME CLASSIC *Birmingham, Dec. 12, 9 PM: #8 Arkansas vs. #9 UCLA*
Both schools back in the limelight after a brief absence. Lou Holtz and his marvelous staff have retooled Arkansas' offensive and defensive thinking. Game see-saws but at final gun tilts toward Hogs. At post-game press conference, elated Holtz says he now sees the light at the end of the tunnel but fears it may be an oncoming train.

QUARTERFINALS

SUGAR BOWL *New Orleans, Dec. 18, 9 PM: Ohio State vs. Notre Dame*
Irish had expected a rematch against Michigan, but get Buckeyes instead. South Bend is quietly delighted with the turn of events. Until kickoff. Ohio State comes out throwing and Schlichter's on target again. But Irish survive on sheer talent. Coach Gerry Faust has reached the final four in his first season coaching college ball; Notre Dame basketball coach Digger Phelps admits he is envious.

GATOR BOWL *Jacksonville, Dec. 19, 2 PM: USC vs. Washington*
Sweet revenge for the Trojans–Huskies took regular season squeaker in Washington. Trojans are on their high horse after shocking 'Bama. USC always talented, always dangerous. Now confident. After losing three regular season games, USC moves to just two games away from winning the title. After the game, USC coach Robinson says he's liking the new playoff system more every week.

FIESTA BOWL *Tempe, Ariz., Dec. 19, 5 PM: Oklahoma vs. Nebraska*
One OU-Nebraska war per season is usually enough for Nebraska. All week the media reminds the Cornhuskers of how the Sooners have dominated this series,

including this year. And on Saturday, OU does it again. Despite a couple of successful new exotic plays dreamed up by Nebraska coach Osborne, OU turns Nebraska red-faced again.

BLUEBONNET BOWL *Houston, Dec. 19, 9 PM: Penn State vs. Arkansas*

Paterno and Holtz wage a week-long battle for the best pre-game one liner. The joking stops Saturday. Two balanced, solid teams are just what national TV from the Astrodome ordered. Game goes to the final seconds and is won by a Penn State field goal kicker no one's ever heard of. Paterno says luck in the last few minutes is repayment for his support for such a playoff system all these years.

SEMIFINALS

ORANGE BOWL *Miami, Dec. 26, 5 PM: Notre Dame vs. USC*

USC gets its chance to pay back another old debt. Irish won regular season game convincingly. Media casts No. 14 USC in strange role as the Cinderella entrant in the Final Four. Game sets world record for most NFL scouts at a college game. Nothing works for the Trojans today and Notre Dame blows them away again. After the game, USC coach Robinson says he's reconsidering his support for the playoff system.

COTTON BOWL *Dallas, Dec. 26, 9 PM: Oklahoma vs. Penn State*

A media dream. OU coached by Barry Switzer, the Robert Redford of the coaching set; Penn State tutored by Paterno, the Woody Allen of coaching. For 55 minutes, Penn State survives on guile, coaching, discipline. The steady Nittany Lions take the flash out of the ultra-talented Sooners. But OU rallies. The wishbone that had been breaking down all day finally rewards Switzer with a time-consuming, yardage-swallowing drive that moves the Sooners to within a breath of the national championship.

THE FINALS

ROSE BOWL *Pasadena, Jan. 2, 5 PM: Oklahoma vs. Notre Dame*

The pre-game buildup is unbelievable. OU is made a 2½ point betting favorite. ND Coach Faust gets incredible media attention–maybe too much. His picture on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* is regarded by many as a bad omen, compounded when Jimmy the Greek picks the Irish in an upset. Notre Dame commands early going but misses chances. Sooners take control after halftime and chisel out a 21-13 victory. Switzer, carried from the field, says in the lockerroom he's happy his team had a chance to prove its supremacy and win the title on the playing field. Faust agrees the best team won. No one mentions next Tuesday's wire service polls of writers and coaches to determine the No. 1 team in the nation. In fact, AP and UPI announce there'll be no final poll. "No need," they say.

Two quarterbacks dueling for the Heisman (along with BYU's Jim McMahon) will be Art Schlichter (left) and John Elway (right). Schlichter, a senior, will be hampered by Ohio State's conservative offense. Elway, a junior, will have plenty of opportunities at Stanford to display his laser-beam passes.

SPORT MAGAZINE ALL-AMERICA TEAM

OFFENSE	DEFENSE
WR-Anthony Carter, Mich.	**DE**-Jimmy Williams, Nebraska
T-Ed Muransky, Michigan	**DE**-Billy Jackson, Miss. State
T-Bubba Paris, Michigan	**DT**-David Galloway, Florida
G-Sean Farrell, Penn State	**DT**-Kenneth Sims, Texas
G-Terry Crouch, Oklahoma	**LB**-Bob Crable, Notre Dame
C-Brad Edelman, Missouri	**LB**-Chip Banks, USC
TE-Lawrence Sampleton, Tex.	**LB**-Marcus Marek, Ohio State
QB-John Elway, Stanford	**DB**-Tommy Wilcox, Alabama
RB-Herschel Walker, Georgia	**DB**-Perry Williams, N.C. State
RB-Phil Carter, Notre Dame	**DB**-Andy Molls, Kentucky
RB-Curt Warner, Penn State	**DB**-Ray Horton, Washington

FOUR FABULOUS FRESHMEN

At the head of the Class of '85, these four are already set for the big time, says a consensus of NCAA coaches.

1. Bill Fralic, offensive lineman, Pittsburgh.
A local product, Fralic was on every national recruiter's list. Jackie Sherrill might try him on defense.

2. Mark Brooks, fullback, Notre Dame.
One of the crew that Gerry Faust brought with him from Moeller High, Brooks–at 6 feet 3, 218–will be a workhorse carrying the ball.

3. Sean Salisbury, quarterback, USC.
Another strong arm out of California, Salisbury may not play right away, but it won't be long 'til stardom.

4. Garin Veris, tight end, Stanford.
At 6 feet 6, 240, he'll be a big target for John Elway this year. And he'll probably get even bigger.

SURE-FIRE PROS

Some of the best pro prospects in the country are not on the all-America team. Here, according to scouts, are ten who figure to go early in the 1982 NFL draft.

1. Art Schlichter, quarterback, Ohio State.
Although his talent has not been showcased, Schlichter has a quick arm and unlimited potential.

2. Jim McMahon, quarterback, Brigham Young.
Lack of height–he's 5 feet 11¾–doesn't seem to bother this strong passer, who threw 47 TD passes in 1980.

3. Butch Woolfolk, running back, Michigan.
An NCAA class sprinter with moves, balance and cutting agility, Woolfolk is the kind of hard runner you can build an offense around.

4. Darrin Nelson, halfback Stanford.
Explosive speed and the hands of a wide receiver–he twice rushed for 1,000 yards and caught 50 passes in a season–make him a game breaker.

5. Marcus Allen, running back, USC.
Allen is a durable and productive runner–he produced 156.3 yards per game last year.

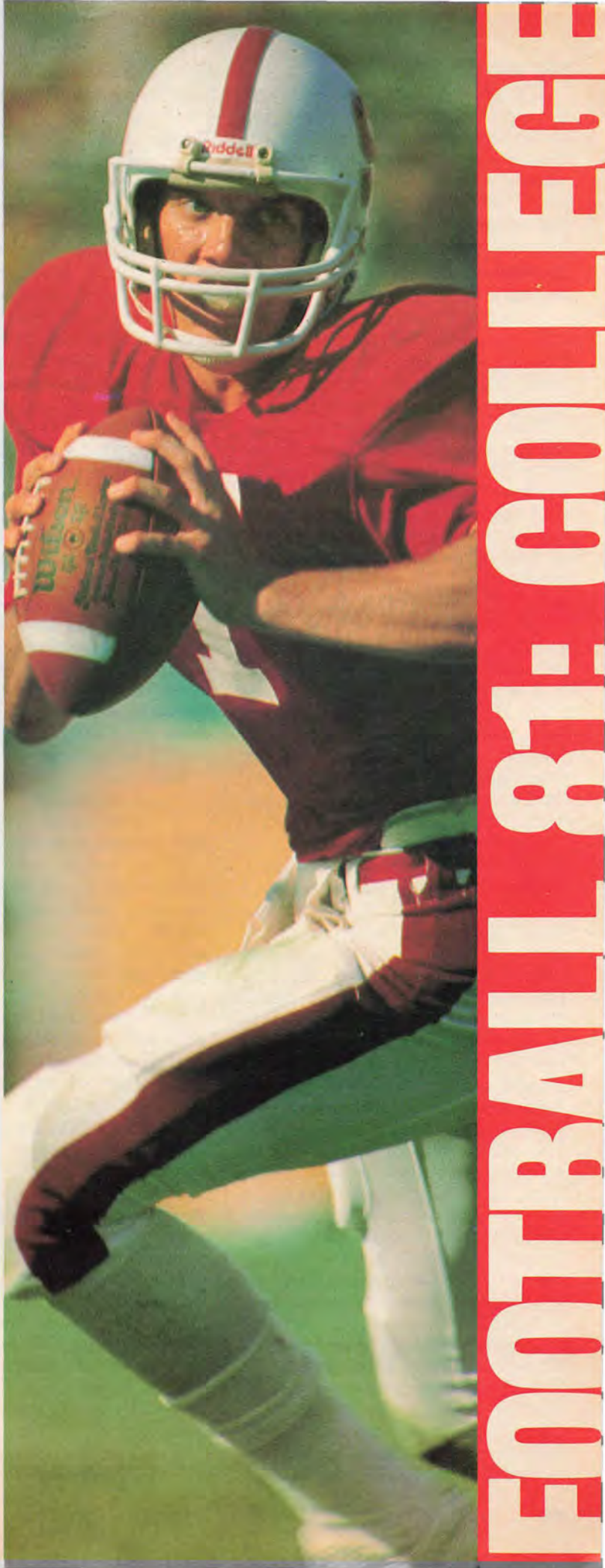
6. Anthony Hancock, running back, Tennessee.
A great deep threat, Hancock is a home-run receiver with track speed and Houdini moves.

7. John Meyer, tackle, Arizona State.
He's stronger on the pass block than on the run right now–which will suit him for the pro game.

8. Johnie Cooks, linebacker, Mississippi State.
He can stuff up the middle and make plays 30 yards downfield.

9. Terry Tausch, tackle, Texas.
Tausch compares favorably at the same state of development with the Eagles' Pro Bowler, Jerry Sisemore.

10. Glen Collins, defensive tackle, Mississippi State.
At 6 feet 5, 249, he has the frame to get even bigger and the speed to get to the quarterback.



THE BIG GAME

When ABC-TV focuses its big eye on the great college football rivalries, the games become national events. But the heart of the action is still on campus, where the games still belong to the students. So we asked the sports editors of four campus newspapers to record their impressions of their own Big Game.

Michigan-Ohio State (Ann Arbor, Nov. 21)

The scene is a pit called "The Mudbowl" outside the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, Ann Arbor, Michigan. It's a Friday night pep rally. And the Buckeyes (spit, grimace, gag) are in town.

This isn't your average pep rally. There is a savage enthusiasm in the air. Ordinarily, when the Michigan Marching Band breaks into the Wolverine fight song, only scattered student voices join in. But tonight, fueled by schnapps or bourbon or beer, everybody sings, 3,000 strong. "Hail to the Victors, valiant. Hail, Hail..."

Out walks coach Bo Schembechler, greeted by a wild ovation even though everyone knows exactly what he'll say. "It'll be a tough game...a great rivalry ...my kids are ready...no guarantees, but...with the tremendous support of you fans..." Tonight they love him. It could fade quickly tomorrow, though, the first time he runs his fullback up the middle on third-and-six.

—Mark Mihanovic
Sports Editor, The Michigan Daily

Harvard-Yale (New Haven, Nov. 21)

The Harvard-Yale game (or "The Game" as provincial Easterners call it) is the Kentucky Derby of college football contests, a happening served up with pre-kickoff champagne and white asparagus tips on the tailgate of Dad's station wagon. And if you can wind your way through the labyrinth of plaid-pantsed scholars of another day, you might see a decent football game.

If, that is, you can see anything at all. The undergraduates always get the worst seats in the sold-out house. The Game is staged for the alumni, a vaunted collection who once fed off the prestige of their schools and now return to add to it. It's common lore that the winner of The Game is guaranteed an additional $1 million in donations from its appreciative grads. And four years ago, Senator Edward Kennedy was so impressed with the play of the Harvard fullback in a losing cause that he offered him a job on his Washington staff.

In perhaps the biggest Game, in 1968, the two undefeated teams battled to a 29-29 tie. The following Monday *The Harvard Crimson* ran the banner headline, "Harvard Beats Yale, 29-29."

—Bill Scheft
Former Sports Editor, Harvard Crimson

Texas-Oklahoma (Dallas, Oct. 10)

Texas-O U weekend is an annual pilgrimage to a site where the only shrine is that of human zealotry and wanton indulgence. On this weekend, downtown Dallas is a burning miasma of orange and red, a poor man's Mardi Gras. The hordes move counter-clockwise, and, like the funeral procession for a dignitary, there is no stopping.

The purpose of the weekend is clear. It gives one state "bragging rights" for a year. My friend Tim, who has been fighting fatigue with a cheap brand of bourbon, has cornered a Texan, and they are discussing each other's home state. Nothing too imaginative, but decidedly degrading. Now Tim is on his back, screaming. I wish I had his car keys. I think of the reserved hotel room I'll never see.

Now Tim has met another Texan, who happens to be a Dallas police officer. Tim is handcuffed. Tomorrow, in jail, he will sell his ticket to one of a flood of ticket seekers in search of a cheap seat. I watch Tim being led away. I wish I had his keys.

Texas won.

—Kyle Gilliland
Sports Editor, Oklahoma Daily

USC-UCLA (Los Angeles, Nov. 21)

Of all college football rivalries, UCLA-USC is special because it's an intra-city affair, a 20-minutes-by-freeway rivalry. And the accessibility allows for a week-long series of traditional nifty pranks. The greatest of these concerns Tommy Trojan.

Tommy is a large statue situated at the heart of the USC campus; he stands in a war-like stance, with sword and shield, the very symbol of USC. And the perfect target for UCLA. It began in the 40's when a UCLA fraternity crew, disguised as workmen, managed to bend and weld Tommy's sword to his backside. In the 60's, an inspired band of Bruins, bypassing the traditional practice of painting Tommy blue and gold, rented a helicopter and unloaded a pile of manure on his head. USC historians claim it missed by a few feet.

In recent years, the Trojans have taken to wrapping Tommy in canvas the week before the games and guarding him 24 hours a day. To no avail, of course. Somehow, some way, Tommy always gets it.

—David Kahn
Sports Editor, Daily Bruin

Michigan-Ohio State (above): Pep
Texas-Oklahoma (below): Seas of

Harvard-Yale (above): The rivalry
USC-UCLA (below): The crosstown

FOOTBALL 81: COLLEGE

rallies and pompoms—the essence of Midwestern football.

red and orange; OU has Barry Switzer, but UT has Bevo.

goes back 106 years, but Yale's Handsome Dan stays cool about it.

championship—USC leads 29-15-6 in the series.

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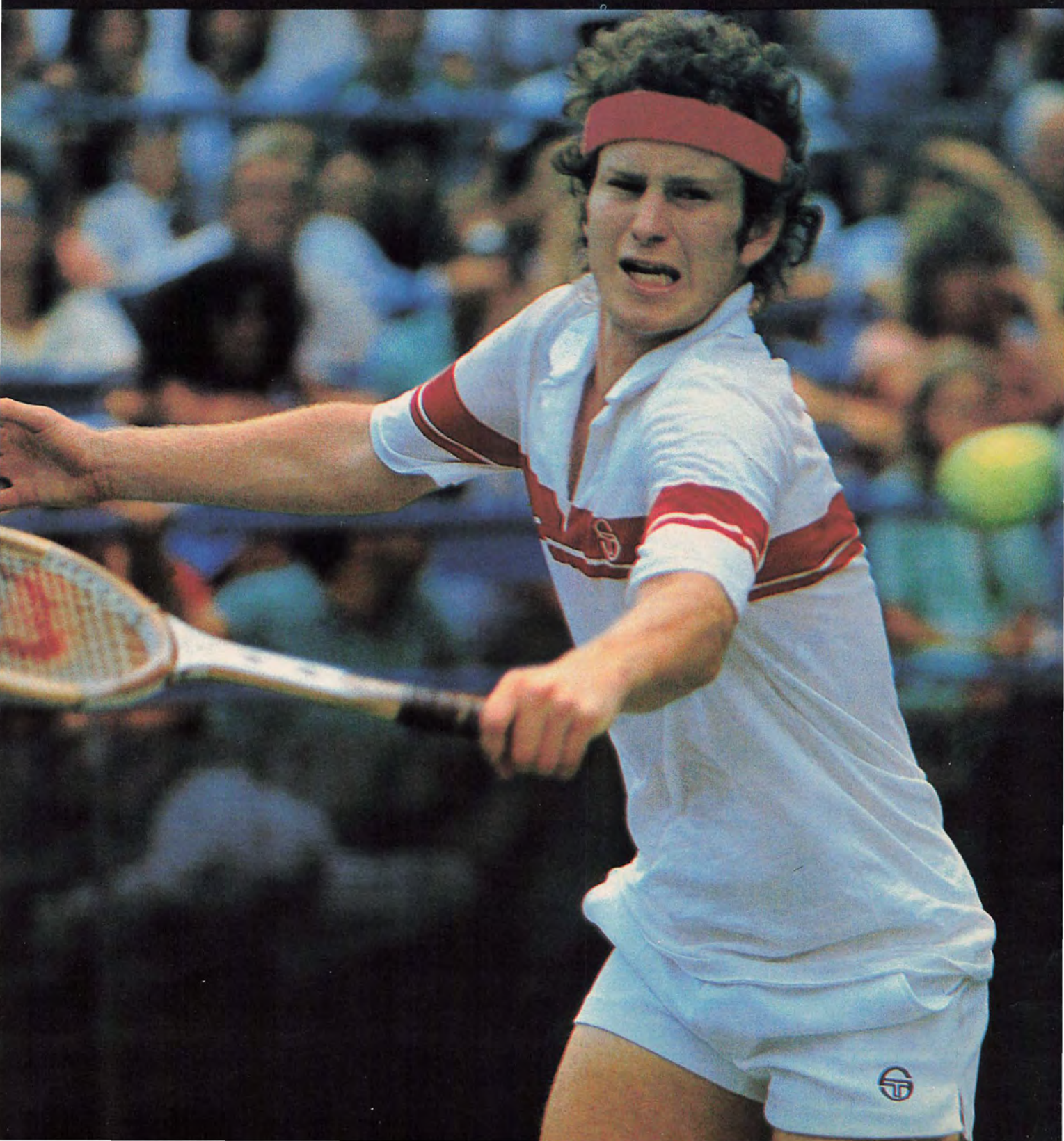

ROE

Yes, emotionally, he's gone from *enfant terrible* to *adult terrible*. But on ability, John McEnroe has grown into the Number One player in the world.

by Barry Lorge

Within three days of John McEnroe's celebrated opening round outburst at Wimbledon this summer, a song about the episode was playing on British radio. A kind of punk rock ballad—if such a thing can exist—it was written and recorded by a pair of ardent McEnroe boosters named Mike Henry and Nigel Howe, who released it under the *nom de disc* of Vic Rope Jump. They titled the record simply, "John McEnroe." They probably should have called it "The Absolute Pits of the World," which is how McEnroe passionately characterized tennis officials in the tantrum that is reproduced in high fidelity in the recording.

The gist of the song is that McEnroe is a "jolly good" player who has been unfairly maligned, but will get his revenge by dethroning five-time champion Bjorn Borg in the final. The operative lyric: *"In '81, that sonofagun will win Wimbledon. Ain't that right, John? You may think he's down, but he'll come back to deuce, with backhanded compliments and volleys of abuse."*

Vic Rope Jump's ditty was prophetic of course. McEnroe, armed with a lefty serve as menacing as Mack the Knife's blade, cut down Borg in the final on the fourth of July, severing the glacial Swede's record 41-match Wimbledon winning streak. The impassive, impeccably behaved Scandinavian king was dead. The brash, petulant New Yorker with the Irish temper had usurped his throne.

Last year, McEnroe came into the U.S. Open in Flushing Meadow as the defending champion, but clearly the No. 2 player in the world—runner-up to Borg in a majestic five-set Wimbledon final. This month, McEnroe returns to the asphalt-based courts of the National Tennis Center as the two-time defending champion, and the Wimbledon titleholder as well. He has a chance to become the first man to win America's premier championship three

McEnroe has the widest range of shots in the
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game today. He
slice and carve them up.

years running since Bill Tilden did it six years running in the 1920s, and to replace Borg in the public's mind as the No. 1 player in the world.

The point is, contrary to popular opinion and instant folklore, McEnroe did not win Wimbledon this year with "backhanded compliments and volleys of abuse." He won with grit, guts, a serve that wouldn't quit and a gift for attacking tennis.

McEnroe may already be the best tennis player in the world. He has a wider range of shots, a more complete command of spin than anyone else in the game today. He doesn't so much bludgeon opponents as nick and slice and carve them up. He almost never hits two shots the same way; in a rally, he will chip one ball soft and short, topspin the next one hard and deep, then hoist a perfect lob. He is master of varying length, pace, spin and angle, opening up the court for volleys he hits with exceptional touch. His drop-volley is the best in the game. He seems to defy the laws of physics, picking up low-volleys and half-volleys off his shoe tops and getting them over the net with something on them. All he is missing is patience, which costs him on clay courts, his weakest surface.

Borg is quicker, steadier, infinitely more patient and self-controlled. But McEnroe probably has greater racquet control and more spectacular shotmaking ability than any player since Australian lefthander Rod Laver, the two-time Grand Slam winner (1962 and 1969) who was the youthful McEnroe's idol. "Shot by shot, Laver was the greatest player I've ever seen," says McEnroe. "Guys who used to play him have told me his serve wasn't that strong, though it looked great to me. But things look different to you when you're a kid."

There is no doubt about McEnroe's serve. When it is on there is none better. From his unusual stance, with feet and body almost parallel to the baseline, he is able to get wicked spin as well as speed on the ball. Watch McEnroe from court level, and his serves slither like nasty snakes. His slice serve, wide and low to a righthander's backhand, particularly troubles Borg, tailing away from his two-fisted return and jerking him out of the court. Borg cannot overplay to that side because McEnroe is almost as effective serving down the center line in the deuce court.

"His game depends absolutely on his first serve," Borg said after the 1981 Wimbledon final. "When John is serv-

McEnroe needs an outlet for his emotions in order to play well.

ing well, he is very confident." In that three-hour, 20-minute test of skill and will, McEnroe won an astounding 82 of the 104 points on which he put his first serve in court, including most of the critical points in the match.

McEnroe also has learned a great deal about match play from his duels with Borg–especially the magnificent 1980 Wimbledon final that he lost 8-6 in the fifth set after saving seven match points in the fourth. "I guess just going through that taught me more than anything else," McEnroe said after beating Borg in the U.S. Open last year. "Just playing that fifth set and realizing that one little shot or a couple of tiny things could make the difference. I was too relaxed in the fifth set at Wimbledon because I figured all I needed was one service point. I wasn't really pushing for it the way I should have been. Subconsciously, when I played him again in the Open, and broke him at three-all in the fifth, I was attacking more, making him work for his points, going for it. I wasn't going to sit back and get beaten."

Despite all this ability, standing in the way of McEnroe's recognition as a true champion to tennis purists is McEnroe himself. He has become almost a caricature in the public mind: an obnoxious, high-strung and fidgety brat who argues every close line call, insults officials, stomps his foot and pouts, berates himself, snarls at opponents' good shots, directs traffic in the upper reaches of the arena and generally makes tennis look like some extraordinarily painful torture.

He is a much more complex character than the "heels" of professional wrestling that he sometimes resembles. There is a good deal of intelligence, puckish humor, insight and sensitivity behind the angry young man stereotype. The problem is that "Junior"–as his fellow players call him–never learned tact or tolerance, and as a 22-year-old multi-millionaire, he may never have to.

By nature, McEnroe is a shy person. He doesn't like talking about himself, and when pressed he fusses and twitches and keeps patting his mop of reddish curls nervously, as if to make sure the top of his head is still there. But when he gets going, he bares his soul in great, ragged chunks. His stream-of-consciousness is part confession, part apology, part defiant self-defense.

McEnroe doesn't enjoy being disliked. He hates the nicknames the British press gave him: Superbrat, McTantrum, The Incredible Sulk and, in the year of the royal wedding, The Prince of Wails.

But McEnroe seems to need some outlet for his emotions in order to play well. When he tries to keep everything bottled up inside–as he has done in matches following acrimonious brushes with authority–he doesn't seem to have the competitive fire he needs to play his best. Like Jimmy Connors, he runs on internal combustion and sometimes his frustrations come out with an ugly hiss.

McEnroe's intensity makes tennis look like some extraordinarily painful torture.

"I know some of the things I do on the court are stupid. I know I shouldn't do them, but they happen anyway," he says. "I wouldn't want to be an umpire or a linesman. Who would want to be, with guys like me around? But I have very little tolerance for incompetence–my own or anybody else's. If I make a bad shot, I tell myself off. If somebody makes a bad call, I tell them off."

Connors, McEnroe's teammate on the 1981 U.S. Davis Cup team, thinks McEnroe is foolish to feel remorse over his natural inclinations on the court. "I've never apologized for anything I've done in my life," Connors said this year at Wimbledon. "If he wants to do that, it's his own business. But I think he'll drive himself crazy that way."

McEnroe's lot is a particularly tough one because of the inevitable comparisons with Borg, an exemplary champion who is revered by the same purists who find McEnroe such a tough pill to swallow. McEnroe likes Borg. He realizes the contrasts between them in playing style and temperament add to their rivalry. But he is not convinced that Borg, with his regal cool and legendary imperturbability, has any more of the soul of a champion than he does in his curious, quarrelsome way.

"I guess people say he has dignity because they feel that I don't," McEnroe says of Borg. "They might compare us. But what's dignity? Because he doesn't say anything on the court, that's dignity?"

People will be making those comparisons, though, as they await the next dramatic McEnroe-Borg showdown, inevitably in the finals of the U.S. Open, which begins August 31. Borg has said that he wants to win his first Open more than he wanted his sixth Wimbledon title. But despite what many purists may feel, neither Borg's stolid determination nor McEnroe's ill temper will determine the outcome. As Arthur Ashe, the last player to beat Borg at Wimbledon, said after the Swede's incredible streak was ended in July, "I like Bjorn; he was a great champion. But John McEnroe is a helluva tennis player and the better player deserves to win." ★

Barry Lorge is sports editor of the San Diego Union.

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ON THE RISE

Remember the names Giammalva, Davis, Rinaldi and Potter. They are 1981's rising young tennis stars, and the U.S. Open is traditionally their place to shine.

by Craig Thomas Wolff

Chris Evert Lloyd, age 26, was feeling suddenly old. Her defeat by 19-year-old Hana Mandlikova, Chris explained, was merely a sign of the times. "It's hard," she said, "to do battle with the look of youth."

The place was Roland Garros Stadium in France, but the sight is growing uncomfortably familiar. Uncomfortable, that is, to the likes of Lloyd, Martina Navratilova, 24, and John McEnroe, 22, who suddenly find themselves cast in the role of *veteran*.

As younger and younger teenagers push their way to the forefront of tennis, they are transforming a changing-of-the-guard ritual into something of a children's crusade. Four of the top eight women players in the world are 19 and younger: 18-year-old Tracy Austin (No. 2), 16-year-old Andrea Jaeger (No. 3), 19-year-old Pam Shriver (No. 8), and Mandlikova (No. 5). A similar process is happening with the men.

But even these kids are under pressure from the next generation. Says Ivan Lendl of Czechoslovakia, 21 years old, and a final round victim to Bjorn Borg in the 1981 French Open, "We appreciate what the older players must be feeling. We too have to constantly look over our shoulders."

There will be a lot of looking over the shoulders in Flushing Meadow in September; the U.S. Open holds a special place in the dreams of budding tennis players, many of whose predecessors have used the Open as a springboard to bigger and better things.

And chances are this year's Open will provide the stage for yet another star to be born. At any rate, there's a bountiful cast of likely characters.

THE BOYS:

Sammy Giammalva, 18. If anyone among the up-and-coming male players is ready to break through at the Open, it's Giammalva. In the past seven months, Giammalva, from Houston, has improved his ATP ranking from 200 to 30. A sleepy, nonchalant expression belies his arsenal of game-breaking weapons: a strong double-fisted backhand and a hard, flat return of service. And Sammy has a nose for the money–in just two months after turning pro in April, he had netted $49,000.

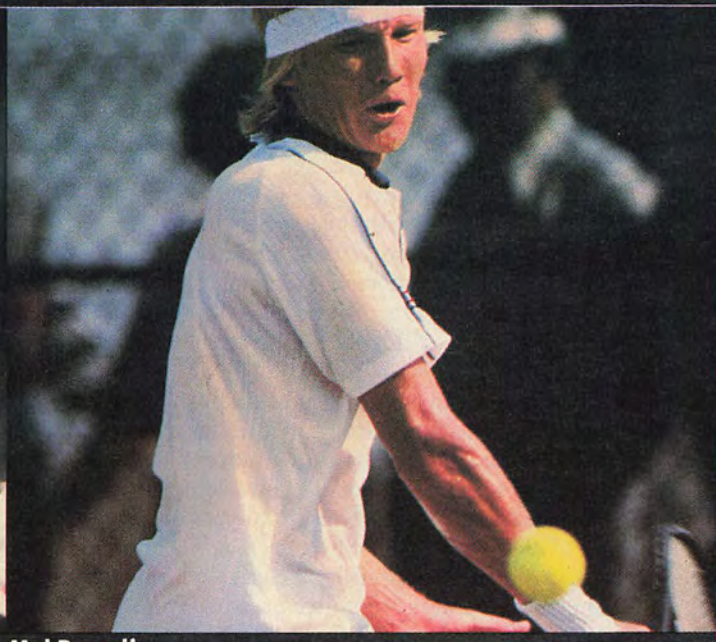
Scott Davis, 19. Davis, a sophomore at Stanford (and a Californian), has won a record 24 straight juniors titles. "And," comments John Newcombe, "he has done it with sophistication. He uses the whole court." Davis plays an aggressive, high-risk game, going for the big shots on important points. With his size–6 feet 1 and 155 pounds–he has the power to pull it off.

Jimmy Arias, 17. Arias, of New York, is, at 5 feet 6 and 115 pounds, a pure contrast to Davis. He looks and plays the part of the pesky upstart, and compensates for his lack of size with great court speed. He earned the distinction of being the youngest player ever to earn an ATP ranking point when he

Ivan Lendl

Andrea Jaeger

Hana Mandlikova



Mel Purcell

Barbara Potter

Scott Davis

Jimmy Arias

Sammy Giammalva

Bettina Bunge

won his debut match at the Florida Volvo Grand Prix tournament. He was only 15 at the time.

Mel Purcell, 22. He's a bit older than the other up-and-comers, but Purcell, from Kentucky, turned pro just last summer. Since then he's beaten Krick, Sadri, Dibbs (at the French Open), Solomon and Fibak. Purcell is quick; he's most at home on clay.

THE GIRLS:

Kathy Rinaldi, 14. Rinaldi, from Stuart, Fla., has already made a splash this season. In the French Open she upset eighth-seeded Dianne Fromholtz and eleventh-seeded Anne Smith–and grabbed all the headlines. She then became the youngest player ever to win a match at Wimbledon. Rinaldi's 5-foot-5 frame provides considerable power for someone so young.

Barbara Potter, 19. Potter, a left-hander from Woodbury, Conn., has combined her size (5 feet 9) with a powerful forehand to build a dangerous serve-and-volley game. And she has learned how to profit from it–in the first half of 1981, she won over $90,000.

Bettina Bunge, 18. Bunge, from Coral Gables, Fla., has been nicknamed "The Floater" for her graceful way of moving across the court. On the 1980 Avon tour, she posted victories over Billie Jean King, Betty Stove and Sue Barker.

Mary Lou Piatek, 20. Piatek, of Munster, Ind., is one of the best juniors players in the world. Among her many juniors titles are the amateur championships, Wimbledon and the Italian Open. And she has no shortage of confidence; when she turned pro earlier this year, she cited the difficult "backhand down the line" as her most dependable shot.

Each time one of these kids pulls a major upset, the question is why. Why this constant influx of new talent? Why do they seem to get younger and younger?

Says Don Candy, one of the game's premier coaches, "As a species, we run faster, jump higher and grow bigger muscles. Who ever thought that anyone would run a mile under four minutes? At a certain point, Darwin takes over."

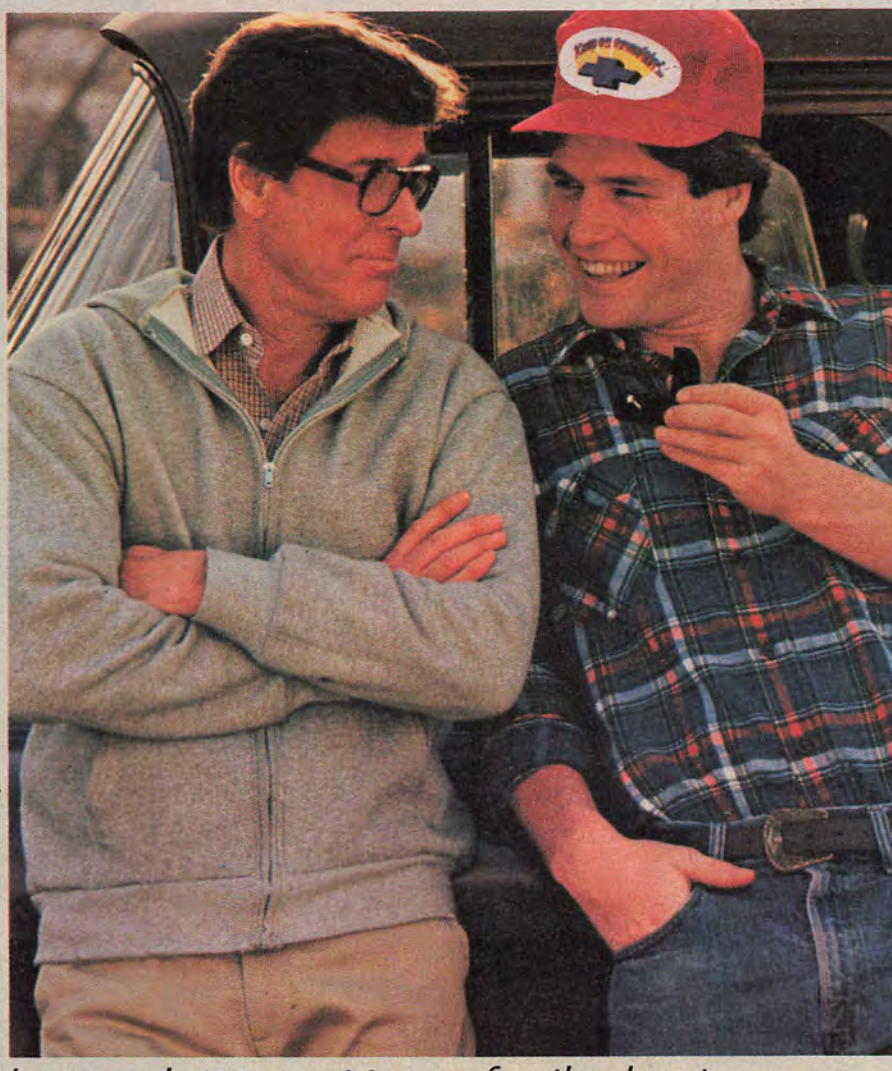
Sammy Giammalva offers a simpler theory for why youth may be served at Flushing Meadow. "When you're too young to be noticed," he says, "that's when you're dangerous." ★

Craig Thomas Wolff interviewed Dave Winfield in the March issue of SPORT.

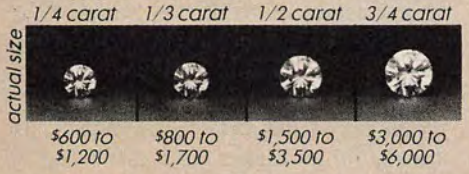
"Isn't that an expensive engagement ring for a guy on your salary?"

When I started shopping for a diamond engagement ring, $1,200 sounded like a fortune to me, too. See, I figured I'd spend just what Dad did on Mom's ring. You know, six or seven hundred bucks—tops.

At first glance, one diamond did look pretty much like the next. But when the jeweler let me examine a couple of different diamonds up close, even I could see why certain ones are worth so much more than others. Then the jeweler gave me a great tip on figuring out my price range. He said I should set aside at least one to two months' salary for the ring.



By this time, I understood enough to want to go for the best. After all, I know how much my mom loves her diamond, even today. And the way I figure it, if a person can spend big bucks on stereos and cameras without batting an eye, why should I scrimp on the one thing my fiancée will wear every single day?



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The house that built Thomas Hearns.

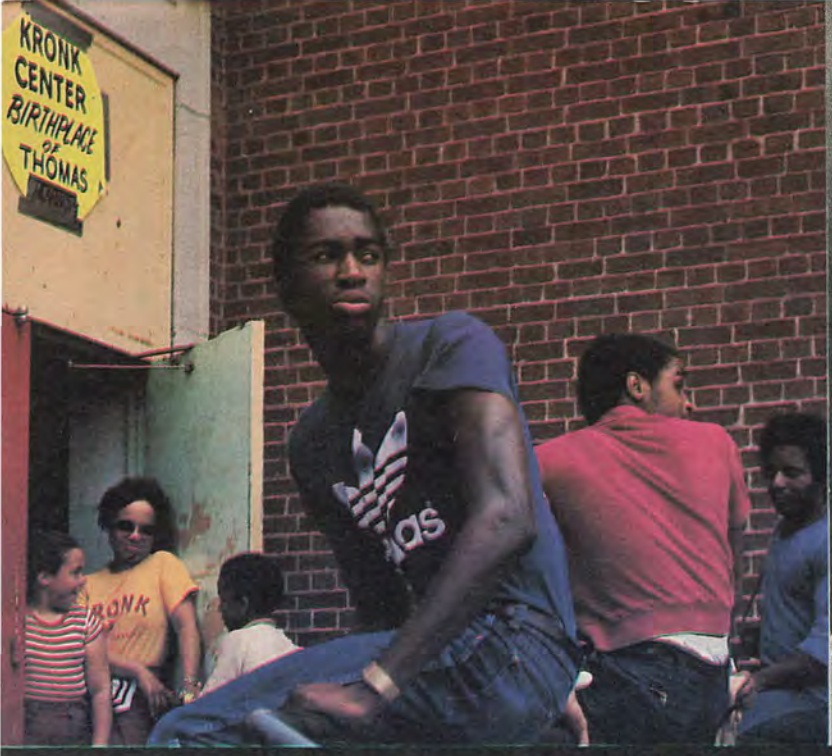
by Bill Duncan

THE KRONK

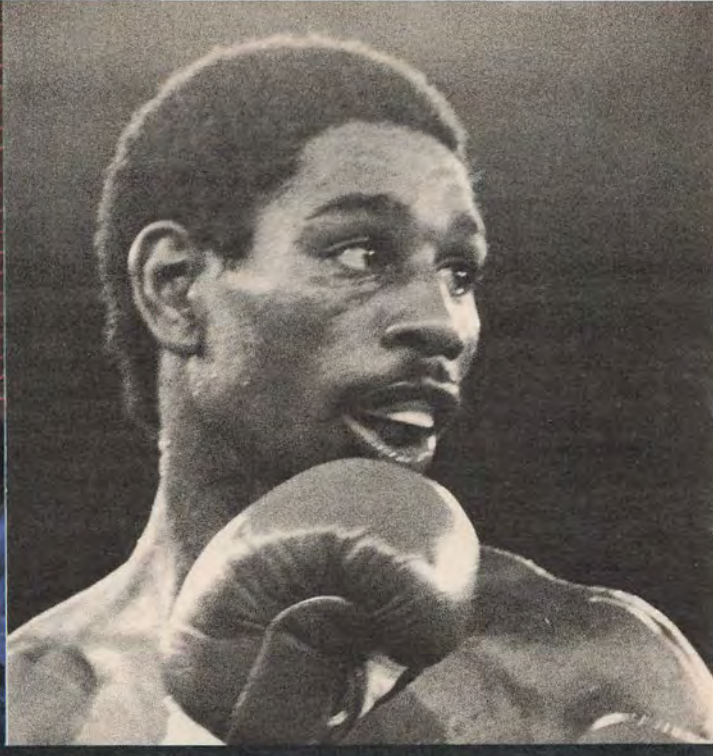
When Emanuel Steward first met Thomas Hearns, he wasn't impressed. The year was 1970 and Tommy Hearns was an 11-year-old kid weighing in at a skinny 55 pounds. Steward, the boxing director of the Kronk Recreation Center on Detroit's southwest side, was about to watch the kids from his gym sweep seven city Golden Gloves championships; he had plenty of boys hanging around who showed a lot more promise than this Tommy Hearns.

Steward figured Hearns was just another little guy who had heard about the exploits of the Kronk boxing team and wanted in on the action. "I had so many good kids then," says Emanuel Steward now, "that I thought it was kind of futile for this skinny little kid to want to be a boxer. I told him no when he first asked if he could train at the gym and I told his mother the same thing when she first called."

Emanuel Steward and his boxing factory.



It starts at 3:00 o'clock, when the doors swing open at Thomas Hearns' birthplace.



Hilmer Kenty, the Kronk's first champ.

But Thomas Hearns (Tommy to his friends, never Tom) was persistent, and continued to make the long crosstown bus ride from his eastside ghetto home on Helen Street to the rundown, red-brick Kronk on the corner of McGraw and Junction. There he'd hang out, lingering outside the red metal doors to the gym, leaning against the railing with a host of other young wide-eyed would-be boxers. And eventually Emanuel Steward had to take notice.

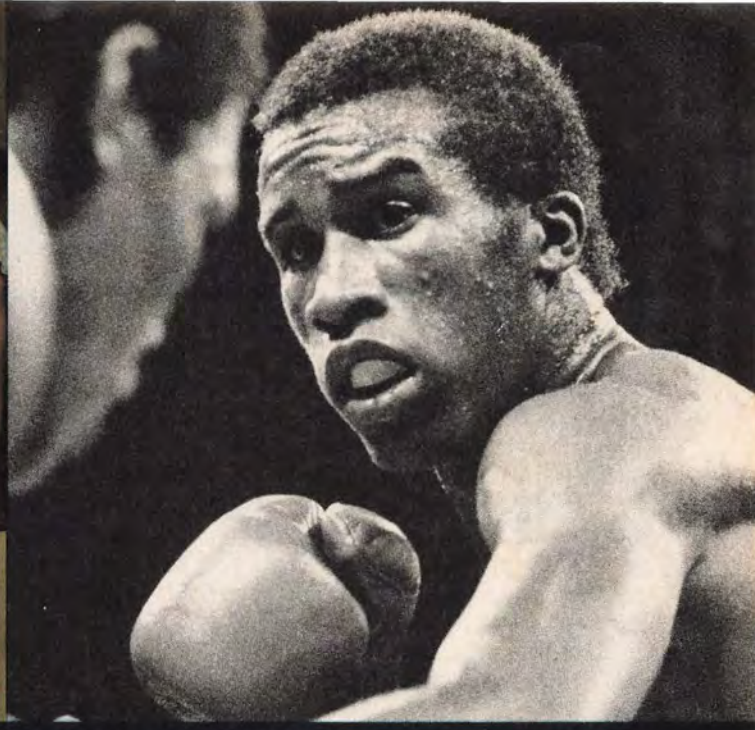
"Tommy was a devoted little guy," says Steward. "He never gave up, never listened when I said no. He lost three or four of his first six fights, but it never fazed him."

Thomas Hearns hasn't lost many fights since. And now he stands in the glare of boxing's big spotlight; on September 16, he'll step into a ring in the parking lot of Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas for his long-awaited showdown with Sugar Ray Leonard in what is being billed by its promoters as "the greatest boxing match in history."

Not to hear Emanuel Steward tell it–to his mind it may be more of a mismatch. "I'll tell you one thing," says Steward, now Hearns' manager and

A typical Kronk sparring session. No pro punch catchers here—highly rated middleweight Mickey Goodwin jabs number three-rated Jr. welterweight Dujuan Johnson.

The Kronk is where hopefuls work out with champions. The hopefuls wrap their own hands.

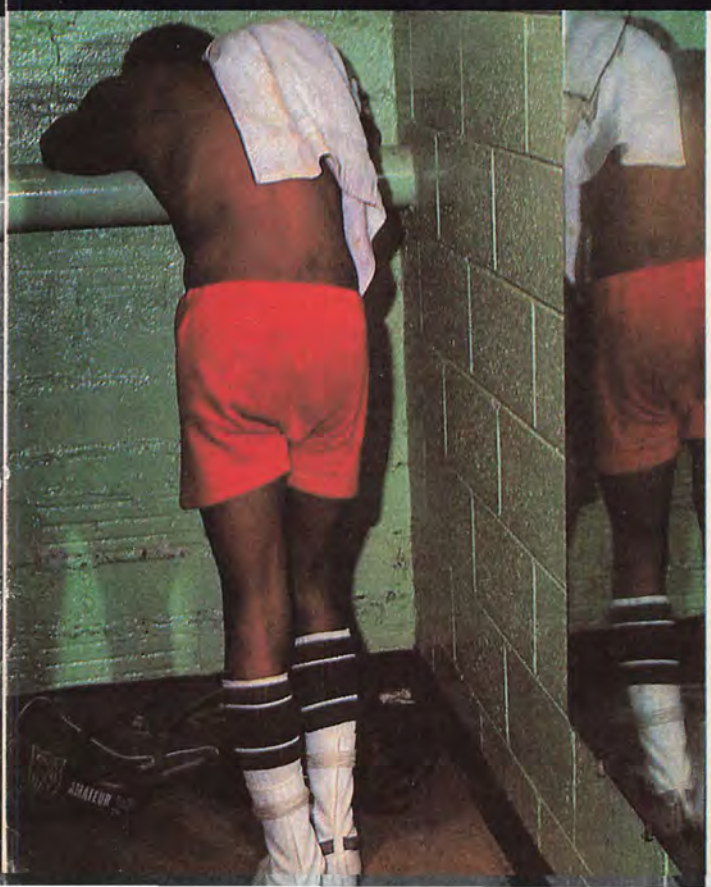


Hearns' heir apparent, Milton McCrory: Steward has him aiming for a Pipino Cuevas matchup.

guru, "Thomas fears no one. He never did. He's the greatest adjuster in the ring that I've ever seen. Leonard says he'll outbox him ... " Steward pauses to shake his head in amazement. "Even if Tommy couldn't punch I still think he'd win. He can box and move and he's as fast as Ray. We're talking about everything Ray Leonard is in the ring stretched out on a 6-foot-1 frame with a punching capacity I still haven't figured out. It first happened in Columbus, Ohio, in 1974 when Tommy decked an opponent with a right hand I didn't see. And you may have noticed," he adds with a glimmer in his eye, "that Tommy's fights have gotten easier while Ray has more trouble each time out."

Steward and Hearns have been pursuing this fight for two and a half years; it has a certain sense of inevitability about it. And a certain story book quality. As Hearns tells it, he was sitting on a playground swing as a child when he was struck by the idea of becoming a boxing champion. He wanted to learn from the best, so he headed to the Kronk, where Emanuel Steward was quietly beginning to build what is now considered the most respected profes-

The climb to the top isn't without frustration.



Dujuan Johnson is attended to by Bill Miller, one of a handful of volunteer trainers.

Hearns watched on TV as Leonard danced into the American limelight.

sional boxing organization in the world.

Under Steward's tutelage, Hearns learned fast and built an impressive amateur record. During this time, Hearns had a sparring session with another young amateur on the rise–one Ray Leonard. The outcome of that session varies according to who you're talking to. There are those who swear they were there and saw Leonard call it off. There are others who say Hearns knocked him out. Leonard himself says, "I've heard all those stories. Don't believe them. They're fiction."

At any rate, both boxers were pointing to the 1976 Olympics in Montreal. Before the Olympics, Hearns fought to the finals of the national Golden Gloves and the National AAU Tournament. In the AAU finals, Hearns met Howard Davis; unfortunately, Hearns' nose had been broken in the quarterfinals a few days before. Weathering the pain, but breathing poorly, Hearns took one of his eight amateur losses. Following doctor's orders, he did not attempt to participate in the Olympic Trials. Howard Davis went on to win the Olympic gold medal in the lightweight division. And 17-year-old Thomas Hearns watched the Olympics on television as Sugar Ray Leonard danced and jabbed his way into the American limelight.

In 1977, Hearns was named the Outstanding National Amateur Boxer, in the process becoming both the National AAU and Golden Gloves champion. At the amateur pinnacle, he went to Steward and said he was considering quitting. He had won 155 amateur fights and, as Steward puts it, "He had no place further to go. He could have kept banging through 155 more fights and waited for the 1980 Olympics. But as it turned out, I'm glad he didn't."

Emanuel Steward and the Kronk Boxing Team were, at this point, strictly an amateur operation. Steward had never wanted to become a professional manager or trainer, and had planned to give up the amateur team. But having a Thomas Hearns changed everything. "When Tommy came to me in 1977," says Steward, "we decided together to try the pros."

In November of 1977, Hearns fought his first of 32 professional fights. In the second round he knocked out Jerome Hill. He's knocked out 30 others since. But even with his sterling undefeated record, Thomas Hearns wasn't getting much attention. All the cameras were trained on Sugar Ray. Leonard had begun his pro career in February of 1977, nine months before Hearns and was already a media darling due to his Olympic success. In his first fight, Leonard won a six-round decision from Luis "The Bull" Vega and was on his way, overshadowing Hearns at every point in their parallel careers. It wasn't until August 2, 1980, when Hearns annihilated Pipino Cuevas to gain the WBA half of the welterweight crown, that the public began to take notice. When he destroyed Pablo Baez in the Astrodome in June, he raised more than a few eyebrows at ringside. And now comes Sugar Ray.

Leonard, the man who long kept Thomas Hearns out of the spotlight, has now put him squarely in it. And the lights are shining not only on Hearns, but also on Emanuel Steward and his suddenly famous Kronk.

There is nothing about the Kronk Recreation Center that even hints that extraordinary young fighters are to be found inside. Named for John A. Kronk, the Detroit councilman who sponsored its construction in the early '20s, the gym sits among vacant lots, boarded-up buildings and broken glass. The fighters work out in the basement, and there are no Nautilus machines or whirlpools–it's just a place to box.

What the Kronk has that no other gym has is Emanuel Steward. The national Golden Gloves bantamweight champion in 1963, Steward tried teaching the sport awhile, but gave it up to devote his energy to his family. Emanuel and Marie Steward settled into a frame house on Birwood Street; Emanuel enrolled at Henry Ford Community College to study electrical engineering, and forgot about boxing.

Then in 1969 Emanuel's younger brother James came to live with them. "He asked me where he could go to learn to box," Emanuel recalls. "The closest facility was the Kronk." Emanuel took an interest in his little brother's progress, and started spending a fair amount of time at the gym. In 1970 he took over as chief boxing instructor; 1971 was the year the Kronk team boasted seven city Golden Gloves champions. James Steward was one of them.

Skinny little Tommy Hearns wasn't the only fighter who wanted to get next to Emanuel's Midas touch. But the young hopefuls who flocked to the Kronk found the magic formula to be brutally simple: train so hard that a real fight is a piece of cake by comparison. Steward keeps the gym hot–90 degrees hot–and works his fighters against competitive (and usually bigger) opponents. Hearns is a good example of the Kronk trademark style–left hand carried low, right ready to fall like a ton of bricks.

Hard work sounds simple, but Steward must be doing a lot of things right. Among the battalion of fighters wearing the Kronk's red-and-yellow jackets are former lightweight champion Hilmer Kenty; sixth-rated middleweight Mickey Goodwin; welterweight Milton McCrory, Hearns' heir apparent; No. 3 junior welterweight Dujuan Johnson; ninth-rated middleweight William "Caveman" Lee; and three to watch, lightweight Davey Lee Armstrong, featherweight Jackie Beard and heavyweight Tony Tucker. Steward's top amateur prospects right now are Stevie McCrory, Milton's younger brother, fighting at 112 pounds; Joe Johnson, 139; and Roderick Moore, 14 years old and 132 pounds, who recently won the Junior Olympics. A stellar collection for a funky basement in Detroit.

"I believe I was put here for what I'm doing," Steward says. Forehead furled, he pauses to think if it's been worth it. "It kills my personal life, the time I have with Marie and my daughters Sylvette and Sylvia, but when I think back on it, it's like someone came up to me a long time ago and said 'this is how it is going to be.' It's funny, a lot of unrelated circumstances–James coming to live with me, a wife who understands, Thomas Hearns, Hilmer Kenty–it all just fell in place. And there were so many tough times that would make you back off. I hedged on my first goal of getting out after five years with the amateurs," he says. "But in another five, after some of

the young kids we have going have had their shot, I'll really get out."

Steward is not a one-man show. He's supported and surrounded by a decidedly odd cast of characters. Farris "Killer" Purify is a vice-president of Escot Boxing Enterprises and the man now in charge of the amateur team. "He knows me best and he is, right now, the backbone to the Kronk," Steward says. "He's Thomas' brother-in-law. He's only 22 like Tommy, and he was a better prospect as a fighter than Tommy was until his back gave out."

Purify in action: The ring is full of fighters, two sparring, the rest shadowing around the perimeter. Purify is on the side, away from the ring, boxing gloves on backwards; no catch mitts for the amateurs. He's calling out combinations to a young fighter whose eyes are swollen from having let too many punches land inside his headgear. Purify calls out for a basic combination, a feint, jab and cross with a left. The fighter responds with his right. Purify drops his gloves to his side and with a look of amazement says, "Left." Again the fighter comes with his right. The fighter hangs his head, examining the floor, as if he knows that the same mistake in the ring would land him there. Purify stays cool; finally the fighter responds perfectly. No stroking when things go right, no abuse when they go wrong. "Farris is an excellent trainer. He's patient and he doesn't say much," Steward says, "but he's my main man and chances are that no one will ever see him to know it."

Don Thibideaux and Walter Smith work the corner at all the big fights. Thibideaux boxed with Steward in the early '60s at the Brewster Recreation Center, which Joe Louis made famous, in the Jeffries Projects. "That was 130 pounds ago," says Thibideaux, who looks like he'd be at home on board a Harley Davidson, leading the Hell's Angels on a rally. He's also an accomplished metal sculptor. "In my opinion, Emanuel is a genius," says Thibideaux, the only white trainer on the Kronk team. "My spot on the team is always a little weird, but I told him a long time ago that I'd back him up any way I can."

Thibideaux calls Walter Smith "the Wise Man." Together they strive to make theirs the coolest corner in boxing. Smith goes back to the '30s when he palled with Joe Louis out of the Brewster. He was Hearns' neighbor on Helen Street until Thomas bought two houses, one in suburban Southfield for himself, and one for his mother in northwest Detroit. Walter saw to Tommy's roadwork each morning at Belle Isle. He is the man who opens and closes the Kronk.

Bill Miller, the last of the Kronk's senior trainers, is a former auto worker. He and Walter Smith worked at Chrysler until retirement allowed them to be in boxing full time. All of the Kronk trainers, save Purify, who is on the payroll, are volunteers.

On the business side are Prentiss Byrd, a Detroit realtor, and Jackie Kallen, a former writer for the *Oakland Press* who has two young sons in the Kronk's novice program. ("Imagine that," says Steward. "Two little Jewish kids and they can fight.")

The publicity surrounding the Lost Wages showdown has meant extra duty for Byrd and Kallen. Their job is Tommy's image. Where Thomas Hearns goes, there goes Prentiss Byrd. He is more a friend than a business associate, making sure Tommy is comfortable in any setting and taking care of the details. During a pre-fight New York

(Continued on page 86)

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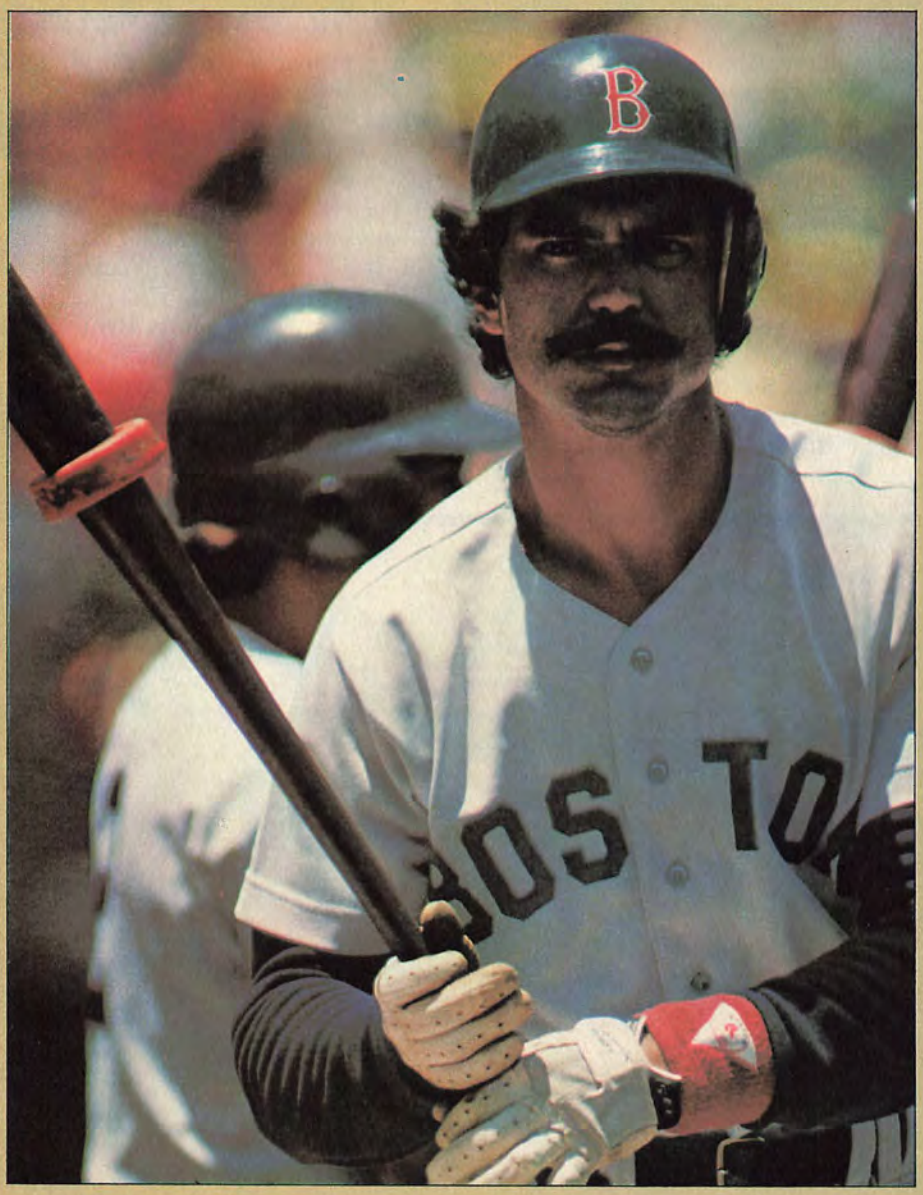


by Peter Gammons

Where Dwight Evans would have been was in New York City, damn near a hundred degrees and traffic backed up because of construction, about to sweat the subway out to Yankee Stadium, a nice place to win but he'd never take his kids there. Only Evans was out of work, on strike, sitting at his pool cut out of the woods of suburban Lynnfield, Mass., sipping iced tea and thinking about what might have been.

Evans is a staunch union man. He enjoys the life with his wife, three children, two dogs, pool, and regular, homecooked meals, a life he had never experienced before. He doesn't like New York City. He just wished that somehow baseball hadn't had to come to a strike, that he were on the lower platform of the 59th Street Station awaiting the "D" train to The Stadium.

It's just that after eight years and 22 days in the big leagues, Dwight Evans was the American League's 1981 Overnight Success Story. You can argue on into the night about whether or not he or the Yankees' Rich Gossage was the pre-June 12 Most Valuable Player, but you can't argue the fact that up to the day the music died Evans had been the best player in the league. There never was much doubt about his eminence as

Evans shows new-found confidence as he waits for a shot at the pitcher.

Boston's Dwight Evans was a terror in the Fenway Park outfield, ing a bat. An excellent student, Evans was the best player in

GHT FIELD

a defensive rightfielder, since the day he joined the Red Sox in September, 1972. In the batter's box, his first eight seasons averaged out to .262, with 16 homers and 55 runs batted in; but in 1981 he had emerged. He was leading the league in hitting (.341), slugging (.578), on base percentage (.455), walks (43) and runs produced (70), and was in the top four in total bases, runs, RBIs, homers and hits. "Look," he says, sitting at his pool, "I don't mean to sound self-serving, but there are concerns greater than my individual ones. I'm concerned about the game, which I love and which has given all this to me. I'm disappointed because this season was the most fun I've ever had as a Red Sox player, because for the first time we weren't a team of stars, we were a team, period, average players playing together, and I'd like to see how far we could go.

"But I'll admit, the other night I was sitting here, having a few beers, thinking about what the strike meant to me. The beer tasted better than it ever has because I've never felt better about myself. Yet I got to thinking that it would have been fun to see what I could have done over the full season. I'd never felt like this because I'd never been this comfortable before. I'd never had a start like this. Oh well. There are 649 other players who feel the same way I do for any number of other reasons. It's just that it was fun."

Evans was a 20-year-old colt out of the Carolina League when then-Boston manager Eddie Kasko called him "the best prospect *anyone* has." He didn't do much to dispel the superstar buildup when he went to Louisville of the International League; he hit .300, led the league in RBIs and was named MVP. He walked into a pennant race in September, a tall, good-looking, graceful kid with the great arm and perfect gait.

He was soon to find out what the sign–"The Worst Curse in Life is Unlimited Potential"–that former Red Sox pitcher Ken Brett had in his Boston apartment bathroom meant. No matter what he did, people always seemed so disappointed in him. He had some good years: he hit .281 with a career-high 70 RBIs in 1974, had 24 and 21 homers in 1978 and 1979, and was hitting .303 with 11 homers in early June, 1977, when he hurt his knee. But hitting was always a struggle for Evans, and he became a defensive offensive player and an offensive defensive player. "The Gold Gloves mean more to me than anything," he would say, winning three in four years at one point, and he has always played rightfield with abandon, cutting off balls in the alley, charging anything and, most of all, going to the line and coming up throwing for second with unmatched accuracy. All of which was very important to the Red Sox, first because rightfield is the most important and difficult position in Fenway Park and, second, because they had other offensive stars named Jim Rice, Fred Lynn and Carl Yastrzemski.

A lot of things kept getting in the way of the fulfillment of that potential. Injuries, for instance. "It seemed that the story of my career was that whenever I did start to hit, I pulled a hamstring or something," says Evans. In 1973, a learning year in which he struggled through at .223, he was finally starting to swing the bat well in mid-August when he was beaned in Arling-

When Evans runs the bases he is free from a worry other players have—being thrown out by the arm of Dwight Evans.

but no world beater at the plate-until he took lessons in swing-
the American League this season. Then the music stopped.

His idea of hitting was hoping, until Walt Hriniak got hold of him.

ton, Texas by lefthander Mike Paul. Evans was in the hospital for a few days and when he returned to action in Anaheim the first pitch he saw was from Nolan Ryan–right behind his head. "I remember that Jeff Torborg was the catcher and before the pitch he asked me how I felt," Evans recalls. "I told him 'a little lightheaded, but OK,' and the pitch went right behind my head. Fortunately, Ryan throws so hard I didn't have time to go back into it, but I've never forgotten it."

He was bothered much of the 1975 season by muscle pulls. In 1977 came the knee injury; he tried to come back but to no avail, and ended up having surgery in August. A year later he was beaned by Seattle's Mike Parrott. It took nearly a year-and-a-half for Evans to recover fully from the dizzy spells he got from that one, but the club was in a pennant race; when teammate Rick Burleson made a comment to reporters questioning Evans's courage, not only did he straighten things out with Burleson, but he asked to go back into the lineup. Soon, in Baltimore, he dropped a fly and booted another ball in the same game. "I couldn't see it," he now admits. "I'd see four and five balls as I looked up. I'd been close to Rico Petrocelli when he had a similar problem at the end of the 1974 season and on through 1975, and I heard him complain about those dizzy spells, but I didn't understand until I had them myself. They were like when you have too much to drink and you're lying in bed and everything's spinning around–only it's that way all the time. It was an inner ear problem that really didn't go away until right before the 1980 season."

Other problems sidetracked Evans, too. There was his son Timmy, now eight, who has been through eight operations around his eye for neurofibromatosis, popularly known as the "Elephant Man's disease." "I'd be lying if I said all Timmy's been through didn't affect me," Evans admits. "But I'm human. My wife Susan is human. There were a lot of times when we were worried sick and I wasn't geared to putting that aside and forgetting it. Now I realize how fortunate we are to have been able to take care of him. I know I wouldn't trade him for anything in the world."

But other kinds of trades affected Evans. With Rice, Lynn, Burleson and Carlton Fisk around, Evans always seemed the logical player to trade for pitching, and the Red Sox over the years talked and talked and talked about dealing him. "That upset me," says Evans. "Every time it would be in the paper I'd get calls from all sorts of people saying, 'Well, this time you're gone.' I didn't need to constantly hear that, and it kept getting me to thinking, which complicated things further." He never understood the trade rumors, just as he never understood the fans. "I love New England, I love the people, but the fans can be hard to play for. They simply don't appreciate the average athlete. Either you're great, or you stink. And it bothered me because I'm average."

What caused the most embarrassment was hitting. When Evans came up he was a straightaway hitter. "I hit the ball through the middle and to right center and I was strong enough so that I could hit the ball out in those directions," he says. "I had never pulled a home run foul in my life. But in '73, people started saying, 'You're playing in Fenway, you've got to pull.' That wall looked so easy to hit, but the more I tried to hit it the worse I got.

"I also never understood why I did things or even what I really wanted to do. I'd make adjustments that would mess up pitchers and their approach to me, but they'd be temporary one or two week adjustments. I'd go 4-for-4, but since I didn't know why, I'd come to the park the next day worried because I couldn't do it again. I'd *hope* I'd get a hit. But hitting was a constant search until Walter Hriniak got hold of me."

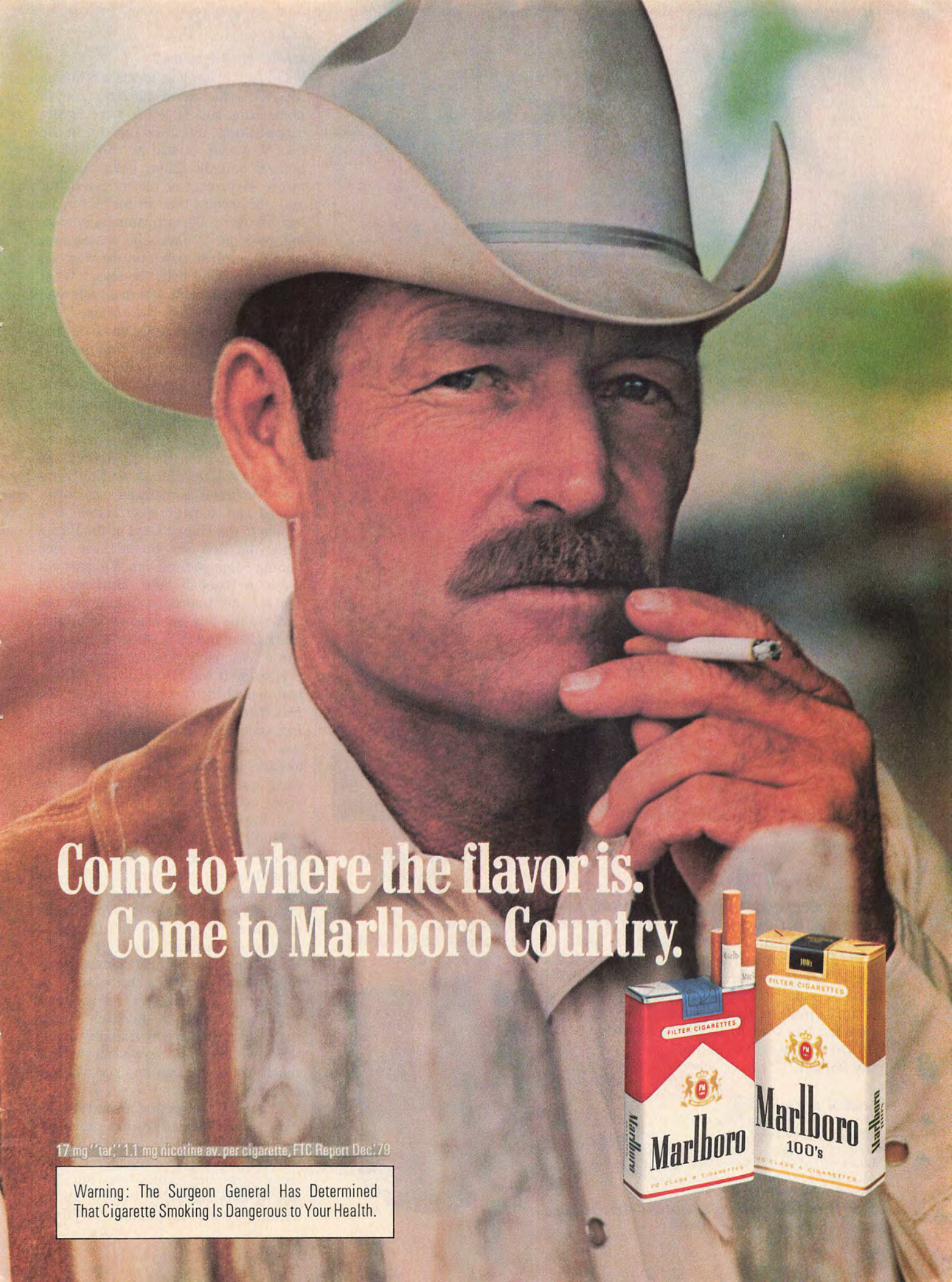
Hriniak is a 38-year-old Red Sox coach, one of Massachusetts' greatest schoolboy athletes, who signed a big bonus with the Braves in 1961 but only made it to the majors for 47 games and 99 at-bats. In the last three or four years Hriniak has earned a reputation as one of the game's finest hitting instructors. He is a Charlie Lau disciple, stressing weight shifts, balance, movement, hitting the ball at the pitcher's head, keeping one's own head down and using the entire field. Yet he has adapted to hitters of most every kind, from pull hitters (Fisk, Yastrzemski) to slap hitters (Jerry Remy) to just plain good hitters. Hriniak is the man Carney Lansford has credited for taking him from the .285 level to .330 while cutting down his strikeouts by 75 percent. And last July 1 in Baltimore, when Evans was hitting .195, it was Hriniak who put everything together for an eight-year veteran whose idea of hitting was hoping.

"Not many people talk to you when you're hitting .195," Evans remembers. "Walter came to me and said, 'I know you're scuffling, I know what it's like to hit .195, and if you're willing let's try something.' Heck, I was happy that someone was even talking to me."

It was 100 degrees with the humidity near 90 percent that next afternoon in Baltimore. Hriniak stood there on the mound for 70 minutes firing one pitch after another, yelling in to Evans who in turn hit one ball after another into the screen protecting his coach. He didn't hit 15 balls out of the infield in the 70 minutes, but when it was over Evans heard Hriniak turn to a writer and say, "He's got it."

"I just wish that I'd found this eight years earlier," Evans says. "I finally found something I was comfortable with. The approach and style felt exactly right after about ten days of hard work, perfecting my personal version of what really amounts to the Lau Theory. It's simply weight shifts, hitting the ball through the middle . . . actually, it's the way I hit in 1972, only I didn't know it." As Lau points out in his book *The Art of Hitting .300*, the balance involved also helps hitters get out of the way of the ball, which for Evans laid to rest whatever subconscious memories he had of his two serious beanings.

"All of a sudden I had a reason. I knew what I wanted to accomplish. Batting practice became a time for me to work; if anyone says anything to me or moves the cage or screws around in any way I get annoyed, because batting practice has a routine and purpose. I used to be out there hitting home runs with Lynn and Rice and George Scott. Now I'm trying to hit the pitcher's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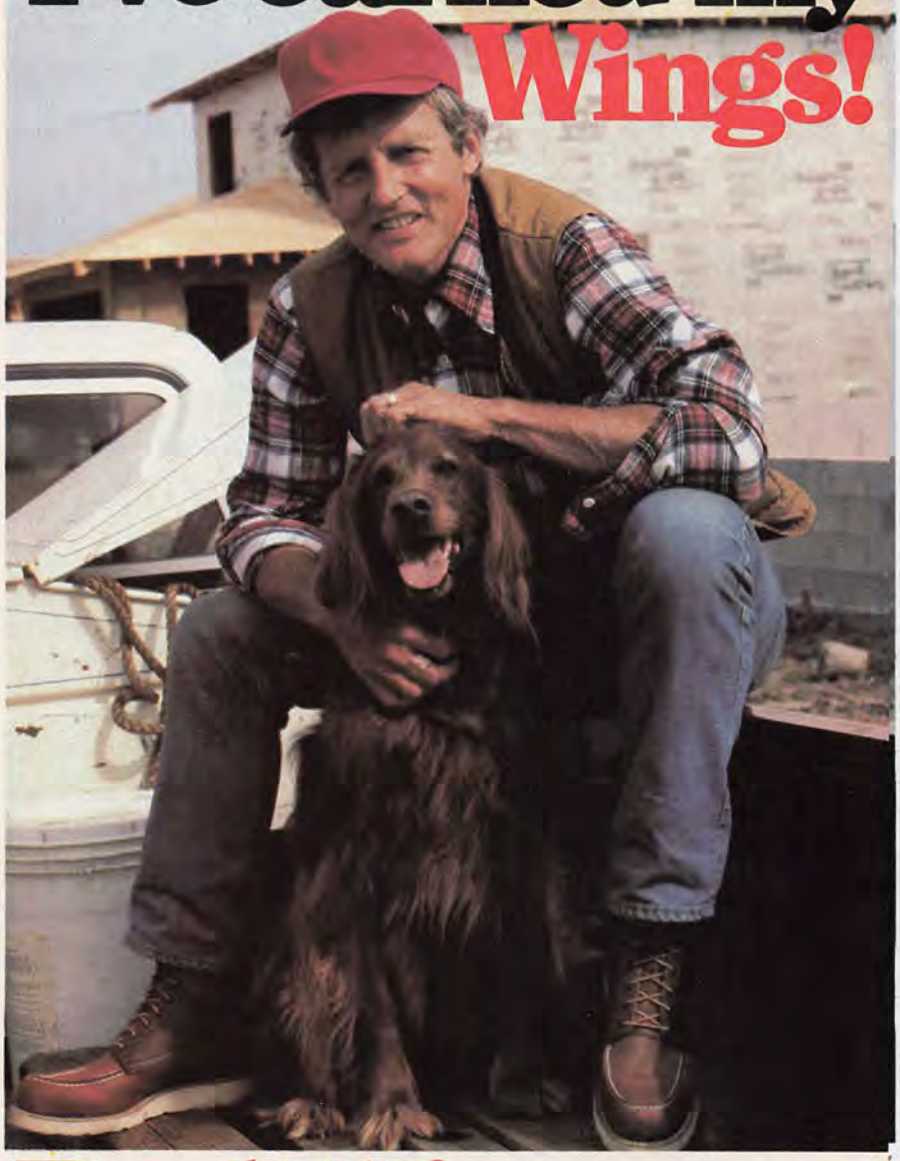

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screen when I swing."

On July 10 last year Evans was hitting .195. When the season ended his .266, 18 home runs and 60 RBIs were hardly earthshaking, but after July 10, in the final 80 games, he had hit .317 with 13 homers and 38 RBIs, been on base nearly 45 percent of the time and, for only the second time in his career, he had hit over .300 with runners in scoring position. "When the season was over, it began to dawn on me what I'd done the second half," he says. "What really dawned on me was that I felt so in control of myself. No more *hoping*."

No one in Boston made much of what Evans had done, because from the time Haywood Sullivan admitted during the World Series that he was looking around to trade Rick Burleson and Fred Lynn rather than let them play out their options in 1981, the attention was on the front office. Even the appointment of 62-year-old Ralph Houk as Don Zimmer's successor as manager was downplayed and sometimes criticized as a return to the Happy Days of the Fifties while the Red Sox should have been finding some young Dick Williams out there in baseball land. Burleson, of course, was traded to California, but because the Sox got Carney Lansford, Mark Clear and Rick Miller in return it was a reasonably popular move. However when it was revealed that Sullivan had mailed the contracts for Lynn and Fisk late and that both could become free agents, there was an uproar. Lynn was traded for two Angels–Frank Tanana and Joe Rudi–who in effect were in their option years. Fisk became a free agent and eventually signed in March with the White Sox.

Houk never complained that he had been brought in with false promises. "Right away," says Evans, "we knew he was a special person. So we'd lost some great players. He didn't sit around talking about whom we should get to replace what we had. We'd lose 15-0, he would find something positive, something about coming back the next day and getting ourselves out of whatever trouble we might be in. He's a loose man. He started spring training saying, 'Let's work as hard as we can, have as much fun as we can and see where it takes us.'

"I guess I'll never understand why we didn't win with that team we had. For six years, from 1975 to 1980, we had more talent than any team in the American League. Incredible talent. But there was something missing, there had to be, because we won the pennant in '75 and

Houk brought changes to the Red Sox. "This year the chemistry seemed right," says Evans.

never won again. This year the chemistry seemed right. This is the most fun I've had playing the game and I know Yaz says he feels the same way. Before there was a superstar mentality. Now everyone thinks of himself as average."

Houk never mentioned the past. He walked in with two spring training objectives: organize a pitching staff, and get the Red Sox to enjoy playing baseball again. To a staff that was, to be kind, shaky, the Sox had added Clear for the bullpen, Tanana as a starter, and hoped to work rookie righthander Steve Crawford into the rotation. Houk took a couple of looks at the recuperating Bill Campbell, who had begun throwing hard the last two months of 1980 after two-and-a-half years of shoulder injuries; decided "a healthy Bill Campbell is a great pitcher and a great pitcher is worth a gamble"; and proceeded to bring the 32-year-old along very slowly. He took Mike Torrez, who had slumped to 9-16 as he fell in love with his breaking ball, and forced him to throw nothing but fastballs. By the last week of spring training the results showed: Torrez, always of the great arm, had stretched and lengthened his muscles and was throwing the way he had in 1977 when he was a World Series hero.

By the time the strike hit, Houk's work with the pitchers had paid off. Dennis Eckersley was throwing better than he had since mid-1979 when he started getting hurt and stopped winning. Tanana, Torrez and lefthander John Tudor were rounding into a solid rotation. Houk's promise to work everything around the bullpen had been fulfilled; only once in the first 56 games did a starter have a chance to lose a game in the last three innings. Clear was 7-1, Tom Burgmeier was his usual consistent self, and though Bob Stanley had gotten off to a disappointing start, by June 11 Campbell was the ace of the bullpen.

"If I've ever done anything smart," says Houk, "it was holding Campbell back as much as I did. I know he didn't like it, but he appreciates it now." In his last 12 appearances before the strike, Campbell had been scored on twice. "The thing that's so different about Ralph is that unlike most managers who get one hot reliever and burn him out until he drops, he makes sure you don't throw more than a couple of days in a row," says Burgmeier, who wasn't aware that Houk had charted how many times pitchers had thrown in the bullpen or even on the sidelines since the first day of spring training.

As important as the pitching was the return of fun to the Red Sox. "I'd never seen anything like this team when I came over [in 1980]," says Tony Perez. "No one had any fun, everyone went his own way and the players were intimidated by the fans. They were afraid to lose, and when you get afraid to lose you can't possibly win. Ralph came here and insisted that everyone have fun. Now we're one of the loosest clubs I've ever been associated with."

One of the most significant decisions Houk made early was to move Evans up from the bottom to the top of the order. "I went through a lot of statistics," says Houk, "and found that he led our club in walks and on-base percentage. He's got decent speed and he can give us a first inning lead because he's got so much power."

Obviously, it worked. "I've always had a pretty good eye," Evans says. "Walter's system helped that because it enables me to see the ball better and wait longer on pitches. Being up in the front of the order helps me remember that I can't be greedy and try to hit home runs–I'm best when I make contact and use the whole field. I realize the knock on me was that I didn't hit with men on base, and I guess the knock was justified. But down at the end of the order you don't get up in as many situations with men on as you do at the top, and when those situations came they were usually important once-a-week shots. I'd be trying so hard I'd grind sawdust out of the bat or swing too hard or be too aggressive and be behind 0-and-2 before I knew it. I kept coming up in important situations from the start of spring training this year, learned to relax, and I think the results are obvious." Evans was hitting .381 with runners on base at the time of the strike.

"Every once in a while I get away from what I should be doing. We were in a scoreless game in the eighth inning in spring training and I tried to hit one out to get it over. Walter jumped right on me. Then during the season I hit a home run off Rich Gale of the Royals and I felt so good about it that I thought, 'Hey, that's easy, I'm one homer from the lead, let's have a few more of those.' The next two games of the series were the worst I've had all season and Walter came up to me afterwards and said, 'OK, are you ready to go back to hitting?' I was."

Eight years it took. When Burleson questioned his guts for not coming right back into the lineup after the 1978 beaning, it wasn't the first time Evans had been doubted. Players, managers and writers had done so for years. An unidentified Orioles player was quoted in *Boston Magazine* as saying that Evans was the "most hateable player" in the American League. Players called him a hotdog.

What happened to Evans may happen to other 29-year-old human beings who happen to be ballplayers. Finally, all the injuries were behind him. Finally, he had some idea of what to do at the plate with that picture swing and a 6-3, 210-pound body whose strength is a close second to Jim Rice's on the Red Sox. Says Sox broadcaster Ken Harrelson, "It's almost like one day this winter Evans got through one of those typical workouts of his–Nautilus, racquetball, running, karate–and looked in the mirror and then he suddenly realized, 'Hey, Dwight Evans, you're a stud sonovabitch.'"

"*That* didn't happen," laughs Evans, sipping his iced tea at the pool. "But I've never felt as good about myself as I do now. After eight years of feeling the other way I can't help but wish that we were playing. New York never sounded so good." ★

Peter Gammons covers the Red Sox for the Boston Globe.

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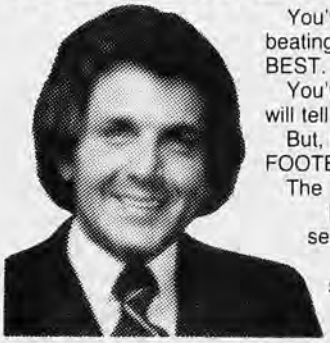

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THE BEST SOCCER PLAYER OFF THE FIELD

Steve Zungul is America's top kick, but a legal tangle has him tied up indoors.

by Paul Gardner

For four minutes Steve Zungul has been talking to himself as he prowls the Astroturf in St. Louis's Checkerdome. "Now, Steve. You gotta do it now."

With under a minute to go, Zungul's New York Arrows and the St. Louis Steamers are tied 5-5 in the 1981 Major Indoor Soccer League championship game. Over 17,000 fans are on their feet, their yells a thick, dark forest of sound. The noise is all for the Steamers, but Zungul's steely inner voice drowns it out as he girds himself to score the deciding goal, by force of will alone if necessary. "Now, Steve, now!"

Zungul is lurking on the right flank just outside the St. Louis penalty area, his back to the goal. The ball is on the other side of the field, 100 feet away, with the Steamers in possession. Two seconds later an Arrows steal and a Luis Alberto pass put the ball at Zungul's feet, and suddenly he isn't talking to himself anymore. He knows this is *Now*. Cutting sharply to his right, he pushes the ball into the penalty area as he pivots to face the goal. Goalkeeper Slobo Ilijevski rushes out to smother the ball, but Zungul's left foot is there first. All that Ilijevski and the desperately converging St. Louis defenders can do is watch the ball bounce and roll untidily into the net.

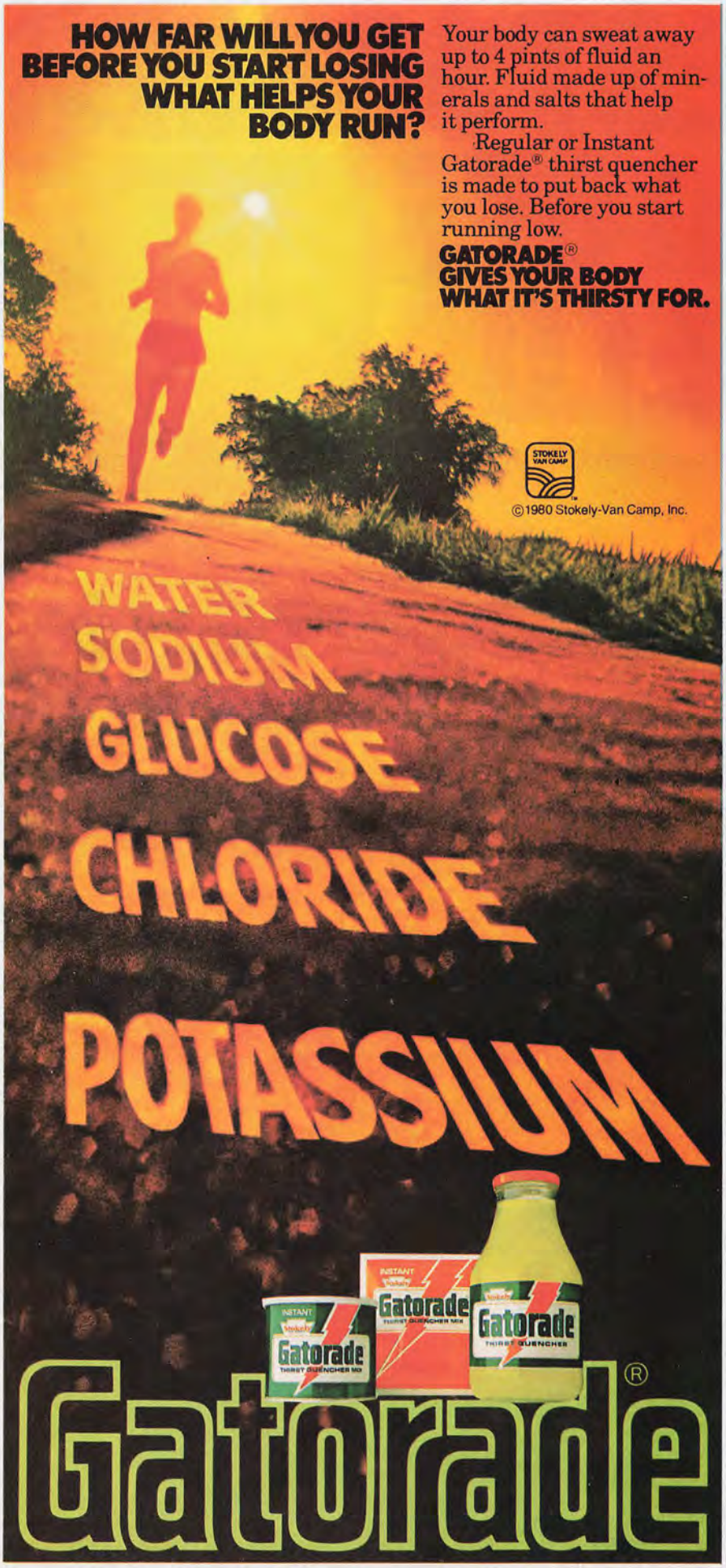
Now the Checkerdome is having a problem with the audio portion of its crowd; it has gone dead. Zungul is lying face down on the field, buried under a wildly wriggling pyramid of Arrows. There are 30 seconds left, meaningless moments that will change nothing. The score is 6-5 and for the third consecutive year the New York Arrows are the MISL champions, the only champions the three-year-old league has ever had.

Zungul has scored in 94 of the 101 indoor games he's played.

But face down in the St. Louis Checkerdome kissing blades of plastic grass? This was not the glory that the Yugoslavian born Slavisa Zungul (pronounced ZHOON-GULL) had always dreamed of: triumph in a foreign land, praise in a foreign tongue for playing a decidedly foreign game–American-style indoor soccer.

Yet, during his nearly three years in the United States, this has been the only sort of soccer that Steve Zungul has known. His brilliant play has attracted the covetous eyes of a number of clubs in the outdoor North American Soccer League, but a complex international dispute over which club–the New York Arrows or Hajduk-Split of Yugoslavia–owns his rights has so far kept Zungul from playing even one second of outdoor soccer here. This month, for the third year running, Steve Zungul will be a frustrated onlooker at Soccer Bowl, the showcase game of the NASL, a league that is sorely in need of a star of Zungul's brilliance.

Statistics are notoriously misleading in soccer, but Zungul's are so overwhelming that they cannot be dismissed. He has been the MISL MVP three years in a row and its leading scorer the last two years. He has scored an average of 2.68 goals per game in regular season play and 3.64 in the playoffs. He's scored at least one goal in 94 of the 101 games he has played and tallied three goals in a game 46 times.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And much, much more. "He's become the league," says Damir Sutevski, a former teammate, recently sold to the NASL's Montreal Manic. "Everywhere that's how people think. Like it's all one: MISL-Zungul."

But would this necessarily translate into outdoor brilliance? "Yes, he'd score a lot of goals outdoors, too," says the New York Cosmos' Giorgio Chinaglia, the NASL's perennial scoring champion. "He's a very, very good player indeed." Manic and ex-Cosmos coach Eddie Firmani agrees. "He'd be even better outdoors, with more space. Don't forget he was already a top scorer in Yugoslavia before he came here. In the NASL he'd be one of the top players, no doubt about that." Firmani, who spent his playing career scoring goals in the tough, defense-obsessed Italian league, recognize's a fellow spirit: that rarest of soccer beings, a genuine goal scorer. Adds Tampa Bay coach Gordon Jago, "In the NASL, he'd be one of the top two or three players, maybe *the* top one. He's a more complete player than Chinaglia. It's a tragedy he's not playing outdoors."

If it is indeed a tragedy that Zungul has been denied the chance to display his talent on the larger outdoor stage, it is the first to enter into what until now had been a story-book existence.

Zungul spent his earliest years wild and free on his grandmother's farm in the Bosnian Mountains, working and learning soccer in the fields ("I hated to be indoors," he says). He polished his game as a youth in the streets of the city of Split, playing against older men. At age 14 Zungul was signed by the local club Hajduk, one of the top teams in Europe. He had a pro contract in 1971 at age 17, was a first-team starter at 18 and made his debut with the Yugoslav national team against Italy at age 20. He travelled with Hajduk in Europe, Asia, North and South America, and was the club's leading scorer for six consecutive seasons.

By the time he was 24, Zungul was a folk hero in Split. The fans on the east side of Hajduk Stadium were his. They would sing, "Steve, Steve, come on Steve, score two goals. You're gonna make us jump with joy." And they would make bets on his scoring in each game. Not *if* he was going to score, but when, which minute the goal would come.

In 1978, it all started to go sour. "In Yugoslav soccer you make maybe $10,000 as a top player. Not much. But you can get bonuses and they can give

Zungul scored four goals in the first MISL game he ever saw.

you an apartment; that's very valuable," says Zungul. "I wanted to open a restaurant, but Hajduk wouldn't let me. My contract said they had to give me an apartment, but they kept stalling." By the fall of 1978, there was still no apartment, and Zungul had taken Hajduk to court.

In New York, Arrows coach Don Popovic, himself a former Hajduk player, was following the disagreement closely. When Zungul arrived in the States on vacation at the beginning of December, Popovic called Hajduk and suggested the club let Zungul play indoors in the U.S. so he could make some money and return happy.

Hajduk agreed and on December 22, in the flood of paperwork that accompanies the international transfer of soccer players, the United States Soccer Federation issued a temporary registration certificate for Zungul. That very night the Arrows beat the Cincinnati Kids 7-2 at the Nassau Coliseum in the first-ever MISL game. And Steve Zungul, getting his first-ever look at American indoor soccer, complete with artificial turf and hockey boards, scored four goals. "It was so easy," he recalls, "really fun. And I'd never even practiced."

After a few more games, the Arrows came to Zungul with an offer of $50,000 for the rest of the season, until the end of March. "I thought, 'Do I want to make some money, or do I want to go back and go in the army for 15 months [to serve his military obligation]? No, I'll teach Hajduk a lesson. I'll stay.' " And to the regret of every opposing defender in the MISL, stay he did.

Indoor soccer, a sport where fast movement of the ball is everything, sometimes suffers from a tendency to degenerate into aimless pinball. But never when Steve Zungul is around. The essence of his outdoor game–immensely quick reactions allied to razor-sharp ball control–were ideal for the indoor game right from the start. Zungul already knew everything there was to know about scoring goals, and about keeping opponents away from himself and the ball. The sight of Zungul, his black hair swinging untidily across his face, his sleekly muscled body coiled ominously over the ball, was soon recognized as the MISL's greatest danger signal. The spurts toward goal were violent, incisive and deadly. The finishing, with a left foot or a right, was clinical rather than overpowering. Even though every club in the MISL suffered from his goalmania, they all wanted to see him in action.

But perhaps no MISL club wanted to see Zungul as much as his Yugoslavian team, Hajduk. His absence had not gone unnoticed in Split. On January 18, 1979, Hajduk sent the Arrows a cable saying that Zungul should have been back in Yugoslavia on January 10, and that he no longer had permission to play for the Arrows. The complex machinery of international soccer law began to move. The news went from the Yugoslav Soccer Federation to FIFA, soccer's international governing body, and from there to the USSF. The USSF now realized that the Yugoslav federation would not be sending an International Transfer Certificate (ITC) for Steve Zungul. Without that piece of paper, Zungul could not be registered to play in the U.S. USSF withdrew its temporary permission and ordered the MISL to tell the Arrows they couldn't use Zungul any longer. The Arrows responded by taking the MISL to court and getting a temporary restraining order that allowed Zungul to play. The Arrows maintained that Zungul would be back in Yugoslavia by April 1. He had to be, to start his Army service.

On March 25, with Steve Zungul as their leading scorer and the league's MVP, the Arrows won the MISL championship. April 1 came and went, but Zungul stayed. He was still around for the 1979-80 season, still playing under a court order. The Arrows were champions again. Zungul was the league's MVP again, and the leading scorer with 90 goals–26 goals ahead of his nearest rival.

By the summer of 1980 there could be no doubts left: Zungul was one of the best players in the United States. The Arrows were now very keen to clear up his legal status by buying his contract from Hajduk. Negotiations were underway when the New York club got word form the USSF. "They had spoken directly to the Yugoslav Federation about getting Zungul's ITC," recalls Popovic,"and had been told, 'No, not in a million years. The law is that no Yugoslav player can leave the country till he's 28.' So we broke off the talks with Hajduk."

Stalemate. Technically, Zungul was still Hajduk's player and could not play for any other club. Under U.S. law, he could play indoors for the Arrows. FIFA was evidently willing to ignore Zungul's playing in what is to them the minor sport of indoor soccer. But if he played outdoors, sanctions–ranging from the club forfeiting all games in which he appeared to a total banishing of the U.S. from world soccer–seemed inevitable.

For a number of NASL clubs that threat was outweighed by Zungul's enormous superstar potential. Gnawing irritatingly away was the thought that, somehow, Zungul could be cleared to play outdoors. But the ITC barrier still stood in the way. The one team that persisted was the Tampa Bay Rowdies. By the fall of 1980, a three-year deal worth $800,000 had been worked out for Zungul to play in the summer for the Rowdies, in the winter for the Arrows. By now Zungul's legal position in the States was stronger, the temporary restraining order had become a preliminary injunction, forbidding anyone from using the lack of an ITC as a means of stopping him from playing soccer, indoors or *outdoors*.

Tampa Bay was willing to face the risk of FIFA action, but the deal collapsed in December, scuttled by a clause in the new agreement between the NASL and Players' Association. Players from North American clubs could now be signed only on 12-month contracts; there could be no sharing between the indoor and outdoor leagues.

Zungul, who had not played outdoors in two and a half years, and had now seen a $200,000-a-year deal slip away, sounded off in the press, saying that he wasn't enjoying the indoor game that much any more and that he wanted to play outdoors. That brought Popovic and Arrows owner John Luciani down on him to remind him who was paying

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Tampa is still Steve Zungul's most ardent suitor.

him, who was fighting his legal battles, who was paying the lawyers.

That was seven months ago. Today, Steve Zungul exudes tact when he talks about the relative attractions of indoor and outdoor soccer. "I don't know whether I'd enjoy outdoor here. I like atmosphere and big crowds, and I don't see too much of that here," he says. "We've got real competition indoors, I like that. In my opinion, it's gonna be very popular soon. It's true, outdoor is really my game, but on grass, not artificial turf, and under the real rules, no shoot-out–that's a circus."

He pauses and looks off into some far distance, perhaps sensing and hearing those triumphant years with Hajduk. "Maybe I'll play outdoors in Europe again. Hey, that's my life. I'm a soccer player. Wherever I play, indoors or out, if you pay me good, I'm gonna play good."

Zungul's seeming unconcern over whether he plays indoors or out is contradicted by his colleagues. "Let's face it, he's dying to play outdoors," says Arrows goalkeeper Shep Messing, "and it's putting a strain on him. He feels left out." Damir Sutevsky agrees. "He's told me many times that he was going nuts during the summer. He's starving for outdoor glory like Chinaglia's got. He wants to prove he's a real soccer player."

A real soccer player. For Steve Zungul that means returning to the game he learned to love as a boy. Since then, the wide open spaces of Bosnia have shriveled into the indoor arenas of the MISL. The freedom to come and go as he pleased has disappeared in a baffling adult world of International Transfer Certificates, temporary restraining orders and contracts. The east side of Hajduk Stadium no longer sways to songs for Steve Zungul. Now there is the East Side of Manhattan, where Zungul lives alone in his Sutton Place apartment, hanging on to his bachelorhood, perhaps the last trace of that carefree boyhood of 20 years ago.

Little Slavisa from the Bosnian Mountains is now the smartly dressed Steve, a partner with his cousin Begi Bekton in two chic East Side flower shops ("Zungul's Jungle") and a gem business. Bekton is now running the business part of Zungul's life and will be negotiating his new contract with the Arrows this year. But the current Arrows contract doesn't end until March 31, 1983. "Invalid," declares Bekton. "The MISL has extended its season into June, that means we have to start all over again. We have a lot of talking to do with the Arrows."

Arrows owner John Luciani has no doubt that the talks will end with Zungul even more firmly an Arrows player. "I'm going to make him happy," Luciani says. "I don't think he'll be thinking outdoors anymore."

Clearly, if Zungul wants to play outdoors he'll have to leave the Arrows. Impossible, says Luciani. "I won't consider selling him, he's too important to the club." But do the Arrows own Zungul? Luciani hesitates for a moment, then says, "We have only indoor rights to Steve, but we can tie him up indoors so that no one could use him outdoors without our cooperation. But he's not for sale; there's no price."

As far as FIFA is concerned, Zungul is still registered with Hajduk even though Bekton insists he is a free agent. Even if Bekton is correct, the chances of an NASL team signing Zungul are remote as long as the Yugoslavian federation refuses to issue his ITC.

Next year, things may be different. Zungul will be 28 in 1982, the age in which he can legally leave Yugoslavia. The hope is that the Yugoslavian federation will then issue the ITC leaving Zungul free to negotiate at least his outdoor future.

The Tampa Bay Rowdies will still be the most ardent of his suitors. "Yep, we'll be there," says Gordon Jago, "with the cake and 28 candles. And the contract."

But this wouldn't be the Steve Zungul story without a technical hitch on the horizon. Zungul's birthday is July 28. The NASL trading deadline for players outside the league falls around July 7. ★

NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

With the start of football season, SPORT Magazine brings you the action from across the continent. From sunny San Diego, we'll learn why Air Coryell may be flying under a cloud this season: the ***Chargers' All-Pro Receivers*** *are not a happy threesome. From Montreal, Vancouver and other points north of the border, we'll profile freewheeling and free-spending* ***Nelson Skalbania****, the Canadian sports entrepreneur who has been raiding the NFL for stars for his CFL club. In baseball, contrast is the key as SPORT probes the reasons for the repeated successes of the* ***Baltimore Orioles*** *and takes a fond look at the 36-year futility of the* ***Chicago Cubs*** *as they embark upon a new era. The new look team in the* ***NBA*** *this year is the* ***New Jersey Nets****, with a new coach, new arena and six first round draft choices in the past two years. We'll see how they're planning to put it all together.*

SPORT QUIZ

Answers to August Sport Quiz

1–Sam McDowell. 2–a. 3–c. 4–c. 5–Rusty Staub, Richie Zisk, Jeff Burroughs, Ken Singleton, Lee May and Bobby Bonds. 6–b. 7–a-North Carolina-Charlotte; b-Miami; c-Grambling; d-Pepperdine. 8–c. 9–c. 10–Jimmy Rogers, New Orleans Saints. 11–a-Memphis; b-Philadelphia; c-New England; d-Detroit. 12–c. 13–New York Jets. 14–b. 15–a-Cleveland; b-Pittsburgh; c-Washington; d-Philadelphia; e-San Francisco.

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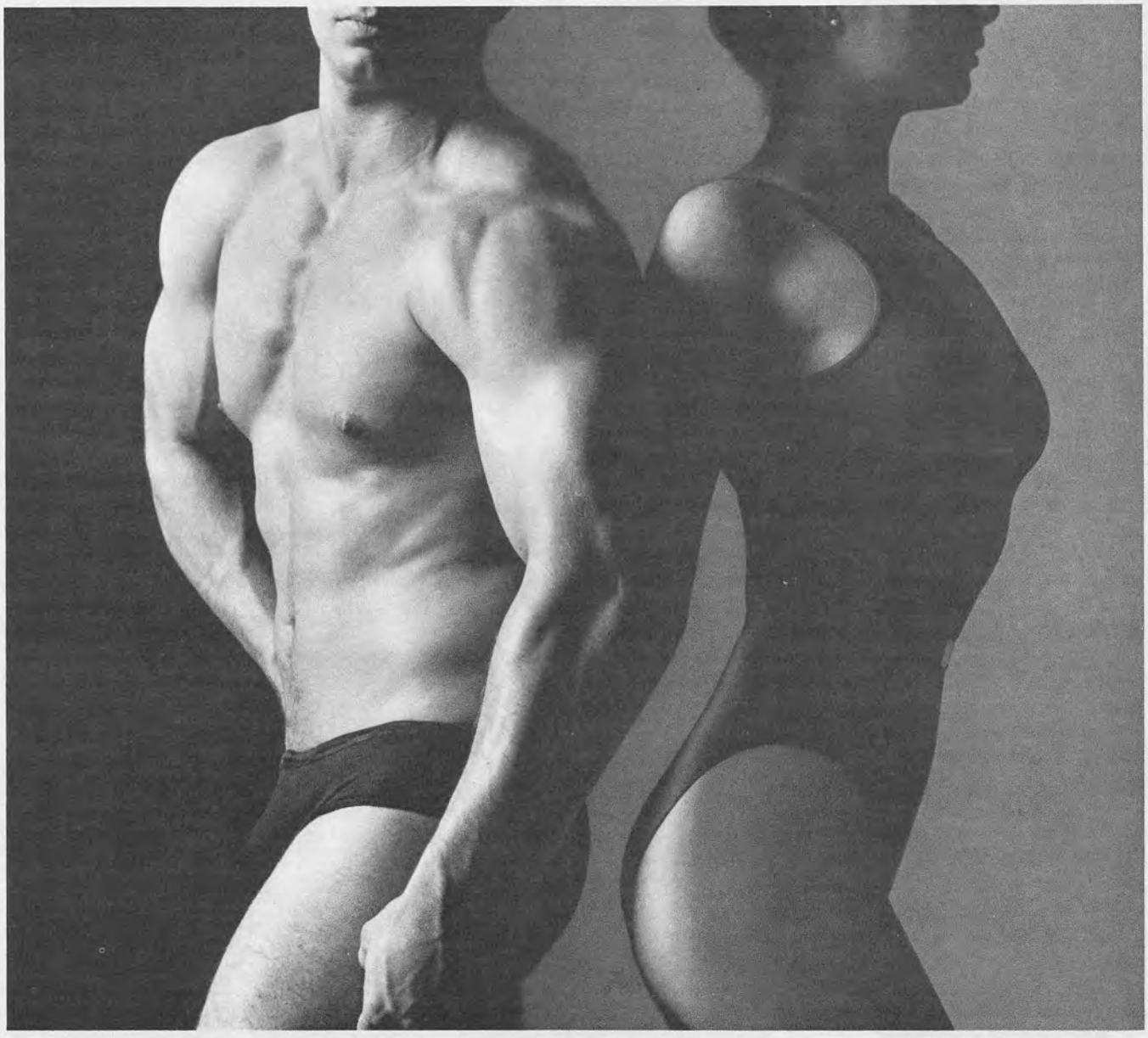

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BETTORS BEWARE

Attention football gamblers! If you're naive, gullible and greedy, then you owe it to yourself to read on!

by Bernard Kirsch

A wary consumer's guide to the dubious business of sports handicapping.

On a typical Saturday morning in the autumn, before the east coast college football games begin and while most of the rest of the nation is at ease, the sports service men are on the alert.

On the second floor of an otherwise quiet office building in Hicksville, L.I., a suburb of New York City, the arms of 15 men dart out to pick up panicky telephones. It looks much like the office of a busy stockbrokerage house, except the name on the door is not E.F. Hutton but American Sports Advisors, Inc. And the men inside are not selling AT&T. Today they are recommending "Yale at 13 points, Minnesota 18."

The phones never stop ringing. Just a minute or two can be spared to each caller. Busy signals anger clients, for they must follow this call with a call to their bookmaker. During these hours, the service probably receives more calls for help than do the New York City police–help for which clients pay $150 and more a weekend.

Overseeing the hectic scene is a man in a three-piece suit. He is known as the Professor. On the wall behind him in this spacious, organized and well-lit setting, above the Xerox machine, is a copy of a Peanuts cartoon. Lucy is saying: "The only thing better than winning is winning BIG."

Not long ago, when point spreads were still unmentionable on television, such men were called "touts," "tipsters" and other sinister-sounding names. For a fee, they told people which team they thought would win a football game, or other sporting event, and thus how they should bet. Of the 50 or so in business, a few gained honest reputations; a few made enough money to support personal betting habits. Today their ranks have swollen and so has their sense of respectability. They are called sports advisors or sports analysts now, and they compare their work to that of stock market counselors. In 1981 there will be at least 300 of them competing for respectability.

Football betting is a mighty big business. One handicapper estimates that $10 billion was illegally wagered on college and pro games last year, or approximately $1 billion a weekend. At least three million people (known as "players") were active bettors. Another handicapper estimates that $2 billion was bet on the 1981 Super Bowl game between the Oakland Raiders and the Philadelphia Eagles. Back in 1979, in

There are at least 3 million active bettors; 100,000 of them use handicap services.

Las Vegas, Nev., the only state where accepting a bet on a sports event is legal and where precise figures are available, the Stardust Hotel alone took in $3.2 million in wagers on the Cowboys-Steelers finale.

Private handicapping services, as distinct from the public handicappers whose predictions are printed in newspapers, are betting that the gambling epidemic will spread, that New York and other money-hungry states will legalize sports wagering. That would

Payment is required in advance. "Don't forget, we're dealing with gamblers," says a tipster.

legitimize their profession and could even lead some advisors to toss away their pseudonyms. For as the tipsters themselves are unsettlingly quick to tell you, and as customers they have forever lost will confirm, for every good service there are 10 imposters, cheats and pirates.

Services go out of business one year and reopen the next with a new name and a new phone number. There are some services, says Gary London of the National Sports Wire, that give out "Dallas over Philadelphia to 50 guys west of the Mississippi, while everybody east of the Mississippi gets Philadelphia over Dallas."

It is typical of this nobody-trusts-

Nine out of 10 handicappers "are guys who went broke betting."

anybody business that its bitterest critics are handicappers themselves. Here is what some of them say about their trade. Roger Larson of Big Green Sports: "The sports service industry is a bastard, without control. The field is filled with charlatans and frauds." Bob Hawkinson of the Minneapolis Line: "A lot of services are burning the public; they're filled with cheap gimmicks–lock games, locks of the month, the year, the decade! Money-back guarantees! Hell, there's no such thing as lock games." The owner of CompuSports in Denver: "I'm tired of all the crumbs in this industry. It's filled with know-it-all guys who lie through their teeth."

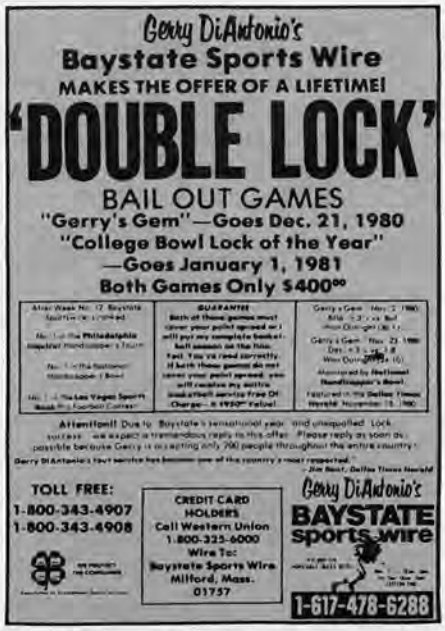
Who are these sports service entrepreneurs? Naturally, they come in many varieties, but Lem Banker, a professional gambler, puts nine out of 10 in this class: "They are fellas who went broke betting."

Some are as legitimate as IBM; they either don't bet themselves or don't let their own betting action get in the way of their business. They are not embarrassed by the stigma often associated with their profession. They consider themselves upstanding members of the community, and not "touts," a term they hate.

Among those is Mort Olshan, publisher of the Gold Sheet in Los Angeles and one of the most respected men in the field. This season he is celebrating his 25th anniversary in the business. He is known for the quality of his game analyses as much as for his betting picks. Rich Bomze of the Sports Reporter in Lynbrook, N.Y., and his brother, Ed, who runs Winning Points, in New York City, have been around long enough to gain good reputations and a solid following. Another old-timer who is widely respected is Otis Goss of Fans Weekly in Augusta, Ga.

A second variety of sports service owner is not motivated so much by the desire to make a respectable living as he is by the desire to be involved in the world of betting. They are failed gamblers trying the other side of the street, men who entered the business when they discovered that all they needed was a telephone. And now if they lose their own bets, at least they have money coming in from their clients.

What the sports services offer is simple enough. For a fee, they will tell a client which football team they think will win against the point spread, as determined by oddsmakers in Las Vegas. The spread is designed to attract equal sums of money from bettors on both sides. Winners collect $100 for every $100 bet, but losers must pay $110



Customers have one thing in common: on their own, they're losers.

for every $100 put up. Thus if the spread is a good one, the bookmaker will earn $100 on every $2,000 he accepts in wagers (assuming $1,000 is bet on each side).

The bettor will break even for the season if his service gives him 52.6 percent winners, providing his bets are all of equal amounts. If his service hits on 55 to 60 percent, good figures, he will wind up nicely ahead. "If you can get a bettor through the season, give him some fun and keep his head above water, then the service has done a good job," says Rich Bomze.

The services' clients are often doctors or lawyers; they are businessmen who travel to Switzerland and awaken at 5 in the morning Swiss time to get the word on Harvard–Yale; they are priests and stockbrokers and others who can afford to pay a couple of hundred dollars a weekend for advice. On top of that they'll bet anywhere from a few hundred dollars to $20,000 per game. It has been estimated that more than 100,000 bettors use private handicapping services.

A survey by Mort Olshan showed that 65 percent of his clientele owned their own homes, 32.7 percent were college graduates, 21.9 percent earned from $35,000 to $50,000 a year and 16.6 percent were making better than 50 grand. Businessmen accounted for 26.6 percent of his customers, 15.5 percent were entrepreneurs and 10.2 percent were professionals. They all seemed to have one trait in common: when it came to betting on their own, they were bona fide losers. Which is why they asked the sports service for a dance.

One New York City stockbroker, who has dumped more services than there are teams in the NFL, says, "There is a need for what the sports services are doing. I know I'm not smarter than the bookmaker, so I have to find someone to equalize things, someone who puts in time and looks for all the edges in handicapping. I don't have the time myself."

"A client calls, and I tell him that today I don't like anything," says Paul Chirimbes, a former teacher of "human sexuality" and now co-owner of a service, the A-Play, in Connecticut. "He says, 'Hey, give me a game.' And I tell him, 'We're not going to give a game unless we think it can win.' And this guy tells me, 'Heck, I don't care if it wins. I just want some action.' "

"Half of them come to us thinking we're con artists, frauds," says Ed Horowitz, the Professor. "But they're willing to give us a try because they weren't doing too well on their own."

Though they've probably lost for most of their lives, many clients still want to believe handicappers' advertising claims of 80 percent success. They'll buy can't-lose, mortgage-your-house games, and if they win they'll double their bets. Even if the services give them more winners than losers, many clients will still wind up the season on the downside.

All the services give their words of

wisdom via telephone; many also print newsletters. Some newsletters, such as the Gold Sheet, are filled with information and statistics, along with analyses of the games. The price of a newsletter ranges from $40 a season to $125. Most serve as come-ons for the handicappers' telephone service, for that is where the real money comes in.

The telephone service permits clients to call on Saturday or Sunday mornings for the latest selections. Services will give out from two to seven games each weekend day. The phones give the services time to consider the 20 to 40 factors they say go into their handicapping. They'll have, or should have, injury lists, weather conditions, complete statistical matchups, information on how the teams perform on the road or on artificial surfaces, and they'll probably have some gossip on the psychological state of the teams. Services often claim to have access to inside information on injuries or the quarterback's love life.

Some services feed their information into computers; others rely on jealously guarded "systems," biofeedback charts or dart boards. Some even steal the selections of rival services and sell them as their own.

Most services rate their selections, usually from one to five stars, which means that if your standard bet is $100, a five-star selection deserves a bet of $500.

Telephone services cost from $300 to $600 a month, with discounts of various kinds offered to season subscribers and additional services available at additional costs. For example, the King Tout service, run by a lawyer in Fort Lee, N.J., charges $75 for its best college game and $75 for its best pro game each week; additional picks cost more.

In general, payment is required in advance. "Don't forget, we're dealing with gamblers," notes one service owner.

The delicate issue of payment has led to the most serious charges of fraud, with service accusing customer, customer accusing service, and service accusing service.

About 75 percent of the handicapping business is based on credit card payments authorized by telephone. If a customer wants the coming weekend's games, time doesn't permit another form of payment; it does permit considerable room for duplicity.

Ripoffs reportedly have happened this way: a potential customer calls a service and gives his valid credit card number. The service calls the charge card company for authorization to bank

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Some use computers, others dart boards.

the money. A month later, when the customer receives his bill he says, I never authorized this. Never bet on a football game in my life. The credit card company then deducts the money, plus a fee, from the sports service's account.

There is another side to the same hustle: a service employee calls Western Union and claims that he's a credit card holder (the services have files of past players and their credit card numbers, and many buy these items from other services). He gives Western Union the account number and asks it to wire a money order to the service and charge the money order to the credit card number. The credit card number is good, but no one can prove who used it. When the bill is received, it is not paid and Western Union is the loser.

Many services now have their clients call Western Union directly. Western Union verifies the card number and calls the card holder back to make sure that the order is valid. It then calls the service and authorizes it to deposit a check for the money. For all this Western Union charges a fee. If anything goes wrong, Western Union loses again.

One recent year, according to Ed Horowitz, Western Union skipped the step of calling back the client to verify orders. Horowitz said Western Union "had to eat $30,000" in bad debts from his clients.

Western Union is reluctant to talk about this sensitive subject, but a spokesman for the company says that it is now "reviewing its policy toward sports services."

Such scams helped convince Bob Hawkinson and Paul Chirimbes to form the Association of Professional Sports Services. Chirimbes says he has spoken with Western Union about limiting use of its facilities to association members only.

The association has enrolled about 20 services so far. Its announced purpose is to control unscrupulous practices by people in the industry. Its "code of ethics," adopted at its inaugural meeting last spring in Las Vegas, forbids false advertising and requires members who own more than one service to say so publicly. The association will also monitor the game selections of its members. Without a monitoring service to verify selections, services can claim anything in their advertising after the fact.

The findings of other monitoring services are now published by the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and *Pro Football Weekly*. The latter prints the weekly results of an independent handicapping contest, the National Handicappers Bowl, which is based on services' weekly game picks. The American Association of Documented Sports Services and the Castaways Hotel, both in Las Vegas, run similar competitions.

The American Association contest and the Natonal Handicappers Bowl require an entry fee of $350. The fees for entering the Castaways' two contests are $1,000 and $5,000. The money here is redistributed to the winners as purse money. One handicapper, Gary Austin, won at the Castaways in 1978 with a 62 percent mark and immediately used his winnings to go into the sports service business. Others have taken the same route.

Many observers regard the contests as no-lose propositions. And participants acknowledge that they join them mainly for advertising purposes. A service looks good if it gets involved, and potential clients are likely to remember the winners and not even notice the losers. On the other hand, some nonparticipating services say they avoid the competitions for fear their selections will be stolen for betting purposes.

The best-known monitoring service is run in Las Vegas by a former journalist, Mike McCusker. He publishes an annual guide to the sports service business, entitled *Sports Services: Tipsters or Gypsters*, and sells it for $11 (Box 5751-A, Las Vegas, Nev., 89102). The booklet contains his opinions, as well as the performance records of the services he monitors. For example, last year he wrote of a service in Honolulu: "Pearl Harbor may have produced fewer casualties than this bullshitter."

McCusker likes to call himself the Ralph Nader of the sports handicapping business. Many players have chosen their handicappers on the basis of McCusker's report, and many handicappers say his service is valuable. But McCusker does not escape unscathed.

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This year, for the first time, he is charging new services a fee of $150 for including them in his report. "He's supposed to be the Ralph Nader of this industry," complains Rich Bomze. "Can you see Nader going to General Motors and saying he'll rate their cars for a fee?"

So, at best, this is a difficult business to handicap. But for those who are determined to use what assistance handicappers can provide, there are some ways to improve the odds of finding a good and legitimate service.

The first question a service owner expects from a potential client is How did you do yesterday? The second is How much money can you make for me? Anyone can have a good week, even a good year. It is more useful to ask what has happened over the past five years. What would the profits have been over that period?

Look for longevity and consistency. Beware of extravagant claims; nobody picks 80 percent winners over any length of time. Nobody has a "lock."

Ask them what qualifies them to make their picks. Where do they get their information? Do they do this full-time? If the service is nearby, check the address. Meet the owner. Find out if his fees are fixed. What extra services can he provide? What special arrangements can you make?

Finally, if you're going to use a service, you're better off using more than one. Get a consensus opinion. That can be expensive, but if you need help this bad, you probably need a lot of it. ★

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One handicapper estimates the weekly football handle at $1 billion.

Phillips's credo: "Football is fun."

(Continued from page 20)

contract. Will all that affect his play?

PHILLIPS: Right now I think everything is fine. Earl is going to play and he's going to play hard and he's going to do the things that are right. Whatever the problem was, they don't have it anymore.

SPORT: He never called you and said, "Get me to New Orleans?"

PHILLIPS: Christ, no. He belongs to Houston. Why would a guy want to change?

SPORT: You had a kind of special relationship with him, Earl and Bum.

PHILLIPS: Well, that's life. This is ridiculous. He can't come over here. Houston wouldn't let him come over here. I don't blame them. I wouldn't either. Hell, Earl Campbell didn't play for me. He played for the Houston Oilers.

SPORT: You were close with Campbell and other players on the Oilers. Do you think a coach can get too close to his players, fraternize with them too much?

PHILLIPS: Is there such a thing as getting too close to your son or your children? It's just like raising your own children. Your children know you love them. You don't fool them. But you still got to punish them when the time comes. If they don't do right you gotta straighten them up. And it has nothing to do with how close you are to a person. Discipline has nothing to do with it, unless you let friendship affect it. Now if you let friendship affect it, then it would have something to do with it. But you don't with your own children. Why would you with somebody else's? You can like a guy and still be fair with him and be honest with him and like the devil out of him, but still correct him when he needs correcting.

SPORT: Is training camp fun for you?

PHILLIPS: Football is fun. And training camp is part of football.

SPORT: What's fun about football?

PHILLIPS: Most importantly the players, the association with the people. Competition. You've got a chance to win or lose. And I like competition, whether it's marbles or ping pong or golf.

SPORT: Do you play marbles?

PHILLIPS: No. I play golf.

SPORT: You don't play golf.

PHILLIPS: No, I don't. I lied. I go out there every now and then.

SPORT: In Houston you were known for your cowboy hats and your boots. How many pairs of boots do you own?

PHILLIPS: Oh, 35, 40. I've had a lot more, but I gave some of them away to charities and they auction them off. I've got every kind of skin imaginable and I turn over about seven, eight, ten pair a year.

SPORT: Why do you wear those hats on the sidelines in outdoor stadiums?

PHILLIPS: You need a hat to keep the sun off your head and out of your eyes, and the rain off your head. That's all it's for.

SPORT: If this opportunity at New Orleans hadn't come along you'd probably have had your phone ringing off the hook to be an assistant coach somewhere. Would you rather be a head coach in high school or an assistant in the pros?

PHILLIPS: I'd rather have a good high school coaching job than a poor pro job.

SPORT: Do you mean that?

PHILLIPS: Sure I mean it. I've got nothing against Chicago or Detroit or New York City, but I've got no interest in coaching there, even as a head coach. I've lived 58 years. I live where I want to live. And if I'm lucky I've got maybe 15 years more. I'm damned if I'm going to spend five of them in a town I don't want to live in. Football is football. Doesn't make any difference what level it is as long as you can support your family.

SPORT: You've coached on all levels, from high school to the NFL. Is the coaching better in the NFL?

PHILLIPS: Pro football doesn't have the market cornered on good coaching, I can tell you that. Good coaching is the ability to organize and the ability to handle people and the ability to judge talent and the ability to motivate talent. So it's not restricted to pro football or to college football either for that matter. There's more to football than X's and O's. That's probably the minor part of it. It's how good you can get those X's and O's to do.

SPORT: They say that all coaches are hired to be fired. In Houston it happened to you.

PHILLIPS: It'll happen here, too. ★

Tom Stephenson is a freelance writer and publican from Dallas, Texas.

Leonard-Hearns could be the first of three. Ali-Frazier all over again—except at 147 pounds.

(Continued from page 65)
trip, Byrd didn't leave Hearns' side; breakfast, press conference, another meeting, Channel four at five o'clock, a party at a hot New York disco, then back to the hotel for bed.

Kallen tends to Tommy's grooming. She has taught him the little things, like having him repeat the interviewer's name during the course of conversation. At the press conference, Hearns jumped from Channel two ("Well thank you, Warner") to ESPN ("That's right, Sal") to Channel four ("Well Marv, I think . . . ") all in the course of fifteen minutes. On a recent appearance on the "Tonight Show," Hearns got Letterman, not Carson. "Well, thank you for having me, David."

On a hot July day at New York's sparkling new Grand Hyatt Hotel on 42nd Street, Thomas Hearns and Ray Leonard sit on either side of the podium in the grand ballroom; the media have crammed the room. Steward and Byrd are seated next to their champion. Leonard, dressed in a fashionable blue business suit, his hair processed to perfection, sits with his handlers–Jinks Morton, trainer, and Mike Trainer, lawyer. The setting smacks of vintage Ali-Frazier but the fighters don't pull off the intended edge of hostility. Leonard, forever the Ali clone, borrows once again. "Tommy," he says to his quiet adversary, "when we meet, it's going to be pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop all day long." He claps his fist with his left hand. Hearns watches blankly. But later, as he does in the ring, Hearns picks his spot. After the press conference, in front of a smaller crowd, he turns to Leonard and says, "Better get those 7-UP commercials in now, Ray, because they may not want you on September 17th." Thomas is learning.

The hype, of course, is on. The fight is billed as "The Showdown at the Palace" and in media interest may eclipse "The Fight of the Decade" (Leonard-Duran I). But whether this is indeed a showdown for Sugar Ray Leonard is questionable. His detractors tend to view it as simply another opportunity to make a large deposit in his bank account–something to the tune of $13 million plus, this time. And there are those who feel Las Vegas on the 16th is only the first of three. If they get $50 million for this one, then the whole package has to be worth $150 million. At least. Ali-Frazier all over again–except at 147 pounds.

If there is a correlation between Ali-Frazier and Leonard-Hearns, and a similar drama develops, it couldn't come at a better time for boxing. The sport has been crying for it ever since Ali got old. Since long before Harold Smith, Roberto Duran and Joseph Spinelli's FBI investigation. And if the three-fight scenario does unfold, Thomas Hearns will again take a back seat. He'll be cast as the Joe Frazier. Certainly not a bad mold to follow, but, like Frazier, Hearns will operate in the shadows. Leonard, of course, has been a diluted version of Ali ever since he windmilled in Montreal, and he will continue to relish the comparison. Hearns prefers to be compared to a couple of guys who, like him, came up on the street in Detroit: Joe Louis Barrow and Walker Smith, better known as Sugar Ray Robinson, the only Ray that Hearns will deign to put a "Sugar" in front of. It has been said that Hearns has Louis' cool and power combined with the flash and style of Robinson; if that's true, it won't take Madison Avenue long to capitalize on it.

But before Thomas Hearns finds himself selling soap and soda pop, he'll have to find a way to beat Sugar Ray Leonard. The prevailing opinion is that he will–if not in the first fight, then certainly in the inevitable rematch. The two fighters are alike only in their weight. Leonard is quick, smart and deceiving. He hits anywhere, everywhere–and with style. Although his punches appear to do little damage, he wins with his patented surprise flurry in which he can take a man out with his "ordinary" punch. Leonard is a psych fighter, again in the Ali tradition; he taunts and teases and says quite simply that "Hearns can be psyched."

But Hearns can also hit. Against Leonard he'll use his four-inch reach advantage to paw his left at Leonard's head and shoot it every so often to hurt, even though he holds it low. He is always aggressive and has learned to cut off the ring. He can flick both hands in an instant, but most important, Hearns has never had difficulty finding an opening for his devastating right hand, which he lands like a hammer.

At any rate, Hearns finally has Leonard where he wants him: in the ring. Emanuel Steward, for one, thinks it will prove worth the wait–and that the Leonard people waited too long. "They probably had a better chance when Tommy wasn't so much of a boxer," says Steward. "If I were them, I wouldn't want to risk that money empire, ever."

But "ever" is now September 16, and Emanuel Steward will have his man ready to topple the empire. In Traverse City, Mich., at the Sugarloaf Mountain ski resort, Steward has transformed a mountain into the Thomas Hearns training camp. It's a typical Kronk camp. There are no hired sparring partners, only Kronk fighters. Caveman Lee, a former Leonard sparring mate, provides the perfect workout, a middleweight who fits Steward's "bigger fighter" training method.

In the indoor tennis facility, now converted into a fight gym, Hearns' braided body is being fine tuned. To date, his skills have earned him some $1.75 million; and now it doesn't matter to him that Leonard has earned $24 million. "I've waited a long time for Ray Leonard and the recognition," he says. "I've been patient and I've put up with a lot. But when I'm the undisputed welterweight champion, or the junior middleweight, or the middleweight champion, I'll still be the same Thomas Hearns."

But he'd like to leave a different Sugar Ray Leonard in his wake. And take some of the shine off Sugar's media smile. "I'm tired of it," says Thomas Hearns. "Ray Leonard is not going to be a 'darling' after this fight. He deserves to be knocked out. And it's not going to take but one shot." ★

FREE AGENCY: THE GATHERING STORM

(Continued from page 30)

The veterans say they don't mind the salaries being given to rookies; they just resent not being comparably paid themselves. "The union's concern focuses on the average salary, which is fourth among major team sports," says Jay Benoit, a spokesman for the NFL Players Association, "while the NFL is the most lucrative for owners."

To remedy that inequity, the players association has developed a radical proposal. If adopted, it would profoundly affect the balance of economic control in the NFL and would go a long way toward revolutionizing all professional sports. The union is planning to forgo a direct challenge to free agency rules and to ask instead for a significant and outright share of total NFL revenues, something on the order of 55 percent of gross receipts from television, ticket sales, concessions, merchandising–everything. That money would be disbursed to players according to a systematic wage scale, based on years of service, the player's role as a starter or reserve, minutes played and other factors, with performance bonuses for outstanding seasons. There would be no individual contracts.

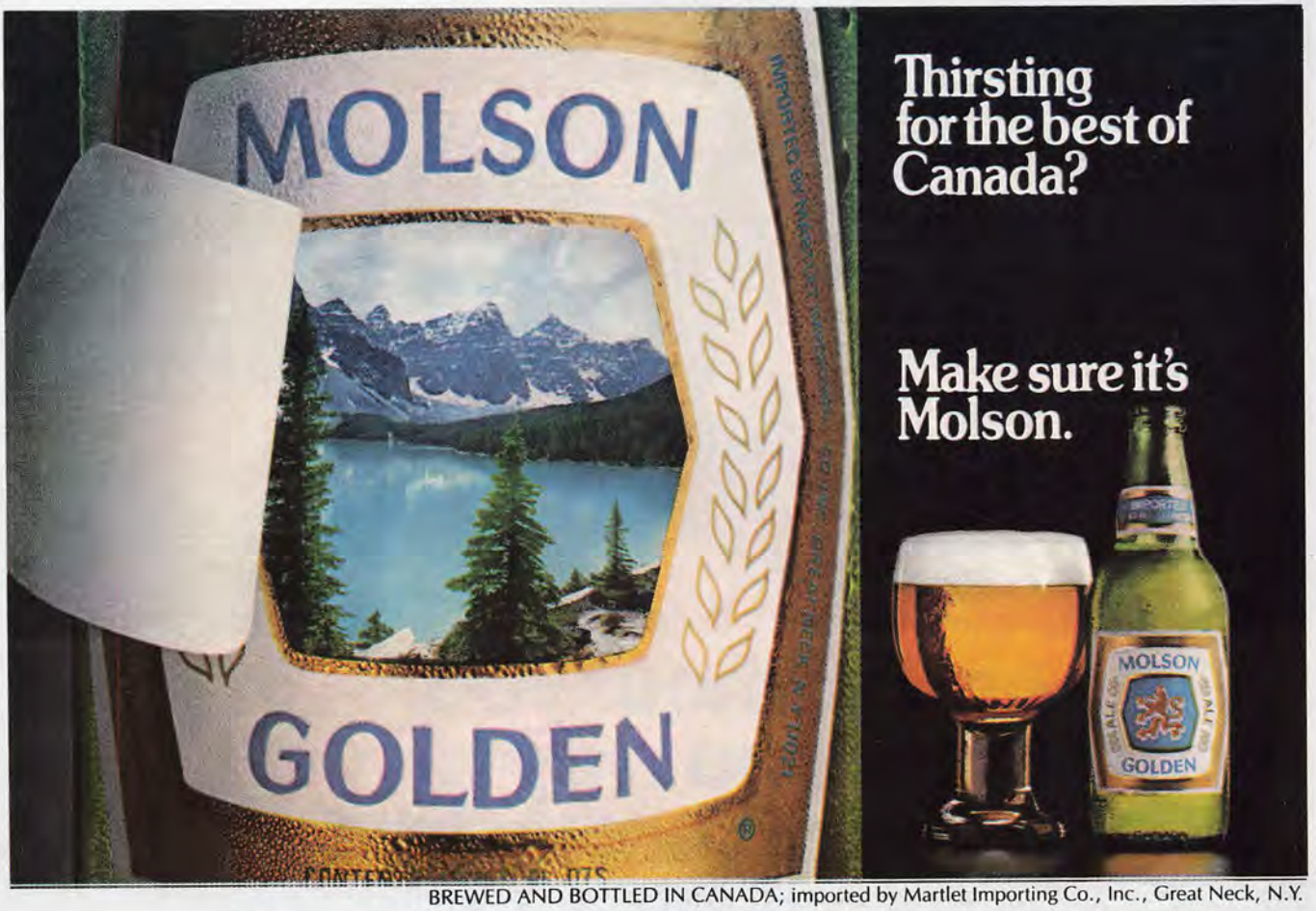
According to Benoit, the wage-scale system would result in "an across-the-board overall dramatic increase in salaries." As an example, he says, the minimum salary, now $24,000 (though few players make less than $30,000), could go as high as $80,000. According to the union, the plan would accomplish more than would liberalized free agency in terms of raising player salaries. It would also result in an unprecedented redistribution of power in the league.

As it is now, says Ed Garvey, executive director of the players association, the players have little economic leverage, and free agency wouldn't provide it. "The owners share all revenues equally," he says. "There is no economic incentive to acquire free agents or even to win." In short, since virtually every game is sold out, since teams share TV income equally (about $5.8 million each this year) and split postseason revenue equally, the union argues that there is no economic advantage to a team's having a big-name drawing card–or to winning. Thus, in spite of the experience of baseball and basketball players, the union believes even liberalized free agency rules would not improve the basic salary structure in football.

"Frankly, we have serious philosophical problems with their plan," Martin of the management council says drily. "In effect, it would make the players equity partners in each owner's business, without the risk." Among other problems, the owners are loath to open their books to the players. "Modification of the compensation issue is the way we'd rather go," says Martin.

Whatever form the final proposals take, most observers believe the chances for a strike next year are very good. The union has begun to build a strike fund and has urged players to put aside some of this season's pay. The owners have arranged with a California bank for a $150 million line of credit to be used in the event of a strike; they are considering taking out strike insurance, though the baseball owners may have ruined the market. They have also committed themselves to a vow of silence on labor matters, or risk a $100,000 fine. Each side has called the other's strike preparations a form of intimidation.

Intimidation. Just the way the game is played on the field. ★



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SPORT QUIZ

1. What current major league third baseman played an entire doubleheader at shortstop without getting one fielding chance?

2. Lou Gehrig is baseball's all-time leader in grand slams with 23. Who is the active leader (with 12)?
a. Dave Kingman
b. Joe Rudi
c. Johnny Bench
d. Willie Stargell

3. In 1977, this righthanded pitcher won only 15 games yet managed to defeat every American League team.
a. Steve Stone
b. Frank Tanana
c. Mike Flanagan
d. Gaylord Perry

4. What current major league coach hit into a triple play in his last official at bat as an active player?

5. Which Hall of Fame pitcher struck out every time he came to bat one season?
a. Whitey Ford
b. Warren Spahn
c. Sandy Koufax
d. Early Wynn

6. Only two players in major league history have accumulated 3,000 hits but not won a batting championship. Who are they?

7. Who was the last righthanded hitter to win the American League batting championship?

8. Which of the following kickers holds the NFL record for most field goals in a season (34)?
a. Jim Turner
b. Garo Yepremian
c. Don Cockroft
d. Jan Stenerud

9. Match these NFL rookies with the colleges for which they played.

a. Curt Marsh	1. San Jose State
b. Hanford Dixon	2. Michigan
c. Mark Nichols	3. Washington
d. Mel Owens	4. Southern Mississippi

10. Which of the following quarterbacks holds the record for most touchdown passes in a season (36)?
a. Y.A. Tittle
b. George Blanda
c. Joe Namath
d. Daryle Lamonica

11. Who has the highest lifetime winning percentage among active NFL coaches. (.708)?
a. Don Shula
b. Chuck Noll
c. Chuck Knox
d. Bud Grant

12. Which woman tennis star has been seeded in the U.S. Open every year since 1968?
a. Chris Evert Lloyd
b. Billie Jean King
c. Evonne Goolagong Cawley
d. Virginia Wade

13. Name the top-seeded tennis player who lost in the first round of the 1971 U.S. Open.

14. Which of the following women on the LPGA tour has never won a tournament?
a. Barbara Barrow
b. Debbie Austin
c. Laura Baugh
d. Susie Berning

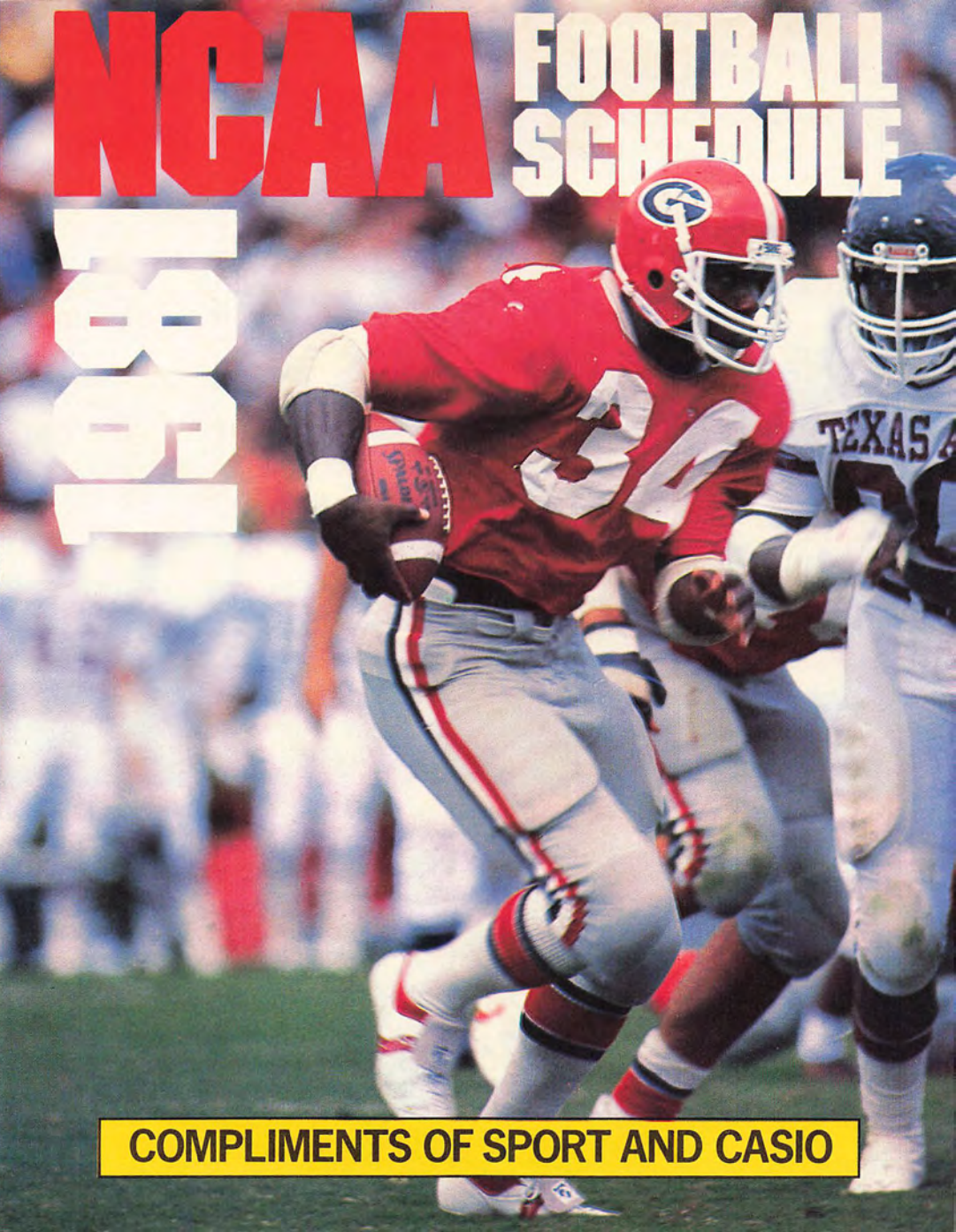
15. Of the following, which golfer is *not* in the top five in career money winnings?
a. Lee Trevino
b. Gary Player
c. Tom Weiskopf
d. Tom Watson

16. Who is the only player in NASL history to win the Most Valuable Player award twice?
a. Franz Beckenbauer
b. Carlos Metidieri
c. Ruben Navarro
c. Mike Flanagan

To enter the Sport Quiz Competition, mail your answers to Sport Quiz, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Only readers answering all questions correctly will be eligible for the prize, a Sport T-shirt. In the event of a tie, a drawing will determine the winner. For answers to last month's quiz, turn to page 87.

NCAA FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

1981



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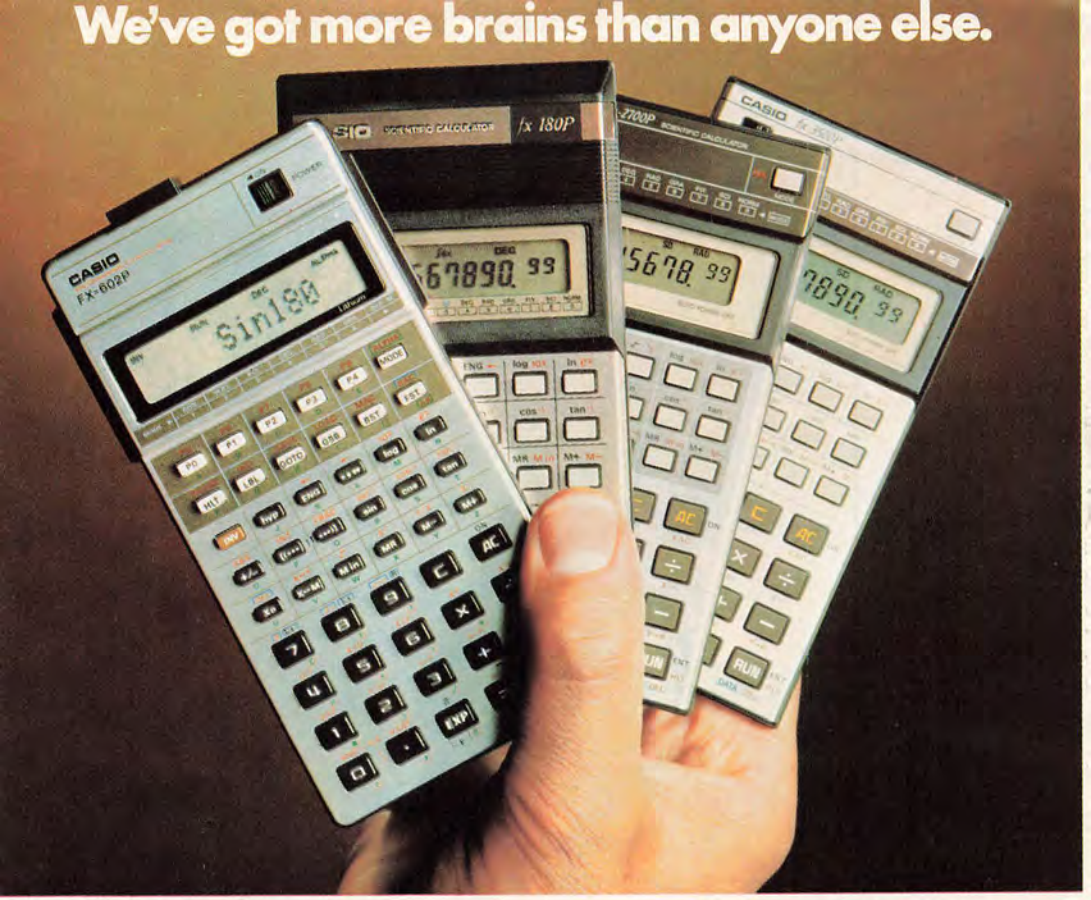

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NCAA 1981 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

BIG TEN FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

ILLINOIS

Date	Opposition	Home/Away
Sept. 5	Pittsburgh	Away
Sept. 12	Michigan State	Away
Sept. 19	Syracuse	Home
Oct. 3	Minnesota	Home
Oct. 10	Purdue	Away
Oct. 17	Ohio State	Away
Oct. 24	Wisconsin	Home
Oct. 31	Iowa	Home
Nov. 7	Michigan	Away
Nov. 14	Indiana	Home
Nov. 21	Northwestern	Away

INDIANA

Date	Opposition	Home/Away
Sept. 12	Northwestern	Away
Sept. 19	South Carolina	Home
Sept. 26	Syracuse	Away
Oct. 3	Michigan	Home
Oct. 10	Iowa	Away
Oct. 17	Minnesota	Away
Oct. 24	Ohio State	Away
Oct. 31	Michigan State	Away
Nov. 7	Wisconsin	Home
Nov. 14	Illinois	Away
Nov. 21	Purdue	Home

IOWA

Date	Opposition	Home/Away
Sept. 12	Nebraska	Home
Sept. 19	Iowa State	Away
Sept. 26	UCLA	Home
Oct. 3	Northwestern	Away
Oct. 10	Indiana	Home
Oct. 17	Michigan	Away
Oct. 24	Minnesota	Home
Oct. 31	Illinois	Away
Nov. 7	Purdue	Home
Nov. 14	Wisconsin	Away
Nov. 21	Michigan State	Home

MICHIGAN STATE

Date	Opposition	Home/Away
Sept. 12	Illinois	Home
Sept. 19	Ohio State	Away
Sept. 26	Bowling Green	Home
Oct. 3	Notre Dame	Away
Oct. 10	Michigan	Home
Oct. 24	Purdue	Away
Oct. 31	Indiana	Home
Nov. 7	Northwestern	Away
Nov. 14	Minnesota	Home
Nov. 21	Iowa	Away

MICHIGAN

Date	Opposition	Home/Away
Sept. 12	Wisconsin	Away
Sept. 19	Notre Dame	Home
Sept. 26	Navy	Home
Oct. 3	Indiana	Away
Oct. 10	Michigan State	Away
Oct. 17	Iowa	Home
Oct. 24	Northwestern	Home
Oct. 31	Minnesota	Away
Nov. 7	Illinois	Home
Nov. 14	Purdue	Away
Nov. 21	Ohio State	Home

MINNESOTA

Date	Opposition	Home/Away
Sept. 12	Ohio University	Home
Sept. 19	Purdue	Home
Sept. 26	Oregon	Home
Oct. 3	Illinois	Away
Oct. 10	Northwestern	Home
Oct. 17	Indiana	Away
Oct. 24	Iowa	Away
Oct. 31	Michigan	Home
Nov. 7	Ohio State	Home
Nov. 14	Michigan State	Away
Nov. 21	Wisconsin	Home

NORTHWESTERN

Date	Opposition	Home/Away
Sept. 12	Indiana	Home
Sept. 19	Arkansas	Away
Sept. 26	Utah	Home
Oct. 3	Iowa	Home
Oct. 10	Minnesota	Away
Oct. 17	Purdue	Home
Oct. 24	Michigan	Away
Oct. 31	Wisconsin	Away
Nov. 7	Michigan State	Home
Nov. 14	Ohio State	Away
Nov. 21	Illinois	Home

OHIO STATE

Date	Opposition	Home/Away
Sept. 12	Duke	Home
Sept. 19	Michigan State	Home
Sept. 26	Purdue	Away
Oct. 3	Florida State	Home
Oct. 17	Illinois	Home
Oct. 24	Indiana	Home
Oct. 31	Purdue	Away
Nov. 7	Minnesota	Away
Nov. 14	Northwestern	Home
Nov. 21	Michigan	Home

PURDUE

Date	Opposition	Home/Away
Sept. 12	Stanford	Home
Sept. 19	Minnesota	Away
Sept. 26	Ohio State	Home
Oct. 3	Wisconsin	Away
Oct. 10	Illinois	Home
Oct. 17	Northwestern	Away
Oct. 24	Michigan State	Home
Oct. 31	Ohio State	Home
Nov. 7	Iowa	Away
Nov. 14	Michigan	Home
Nov. 21	Indiana	Away

WISCONSIN

Date	Opposition	Home/Away
Sept. 12	Michigan	Home
Sept. 19	UCLA	Home
Sept. 26	Western Michigan	Home
Oct. 3	Purdue	Home
Oct. 10	Ohio University	Home
Oct. 24	Illinois	Away
Oct. 31	Northwestern	Home
Nov. 7	Indiana	Away
Nov. 14	Iowa	Home
Nov. 21	Minnesota	Away

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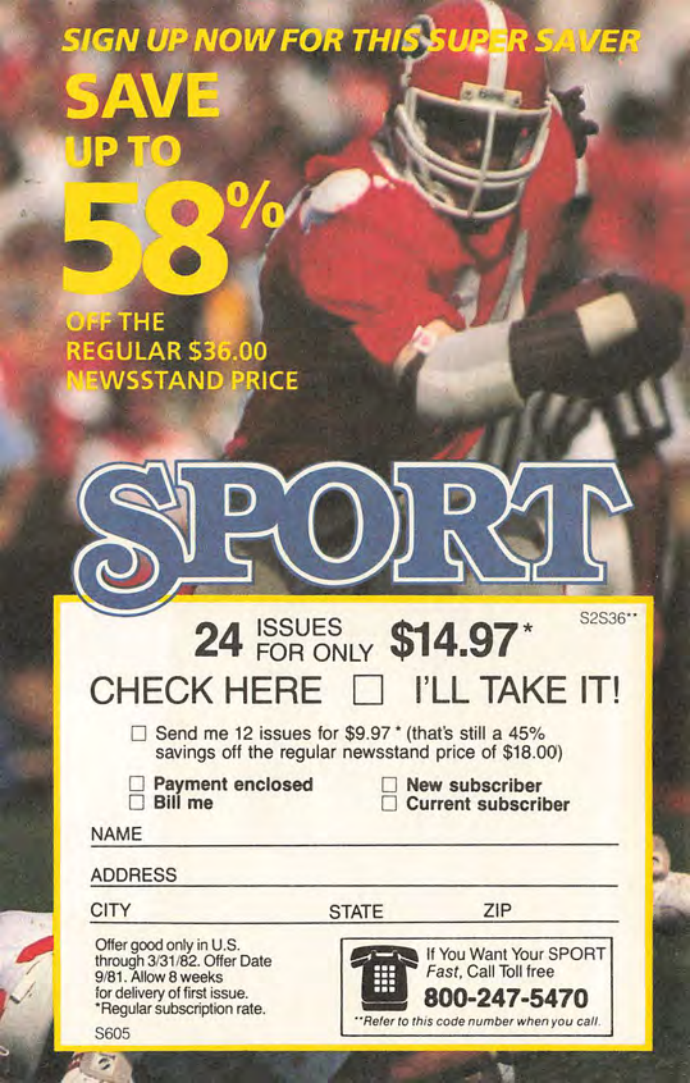

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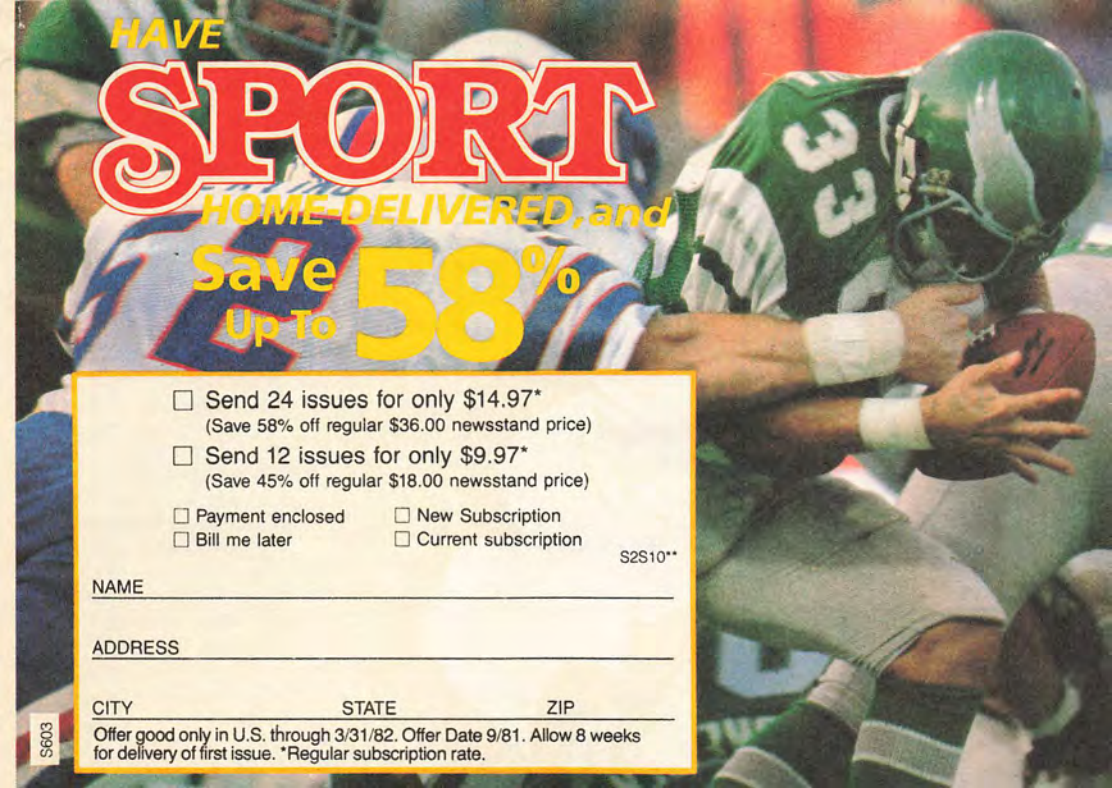

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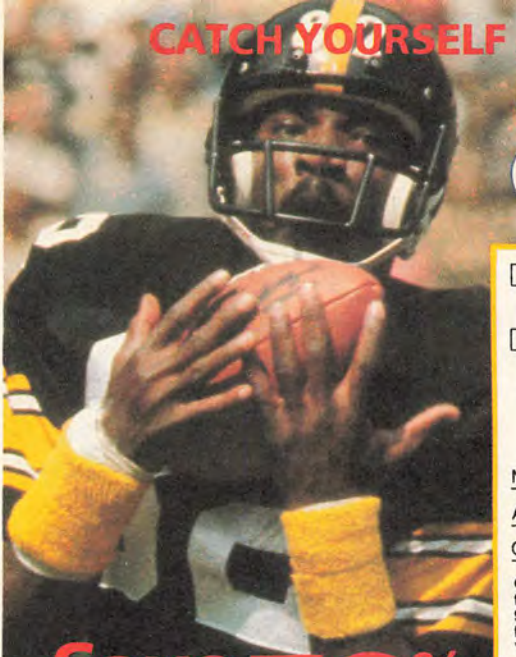

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